

THE
BRITISH POETS.

VOL. VII.



EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.

P

BRITISH MUSEUM



BRITISH MUSEUM
LONDON
MUSEUMS OF ANTIQUITIES
MUSEUMS OF NATURAL HISTORY
MUSEUMS OF APPLIED ARTS
MUSEUMS OF FINE ARTS

S E L E C T
P O E M S

O F

MR A. COWLEY.



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S E T E C T
P O E M A



P O E M S

O F

Mr A. COWLEY.

I.

T H E M O T T O.

Tentanda via est, &c. VIRG.

WHAT shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?

[a] * * * *

Hence all the flattering vanities, that lay
Nets of roses in the way.

Hence the desire of honours, or estate ;
And all, that is not above fate.

Hence love himself, that tyrant of my days,
Which intercepts my coming praise.

[a] Some lines of the original are left out.

POEMS OF

Come, my best friends, my books, and lead me on ;
 'Tis time that I were gone.
 Welcome, great Stagirite, and teach me now
 All I was born to know.
 Thy scholar's vict'ries thou dost far out-do ;
 He conquer'd th' earth ; the whole world, you.
 Welcome, learn'd Cicero, whose blest tongue and wit
 Preserves Rome's greatness yet.
 Thou art the first of orators ; only he,
 Who best can praise thee, next must be.
 Welcome the Mantuan swan, Virgil the wise,
 Whose verse walks highest, but not flies.
 Who brought green poesy to her perfect age ;
 And made that art, which was a rage.
 Tell me, ye mighty three, what shall I do
 To be like one of you.
 But ye have climb'd the mountain's top, there sit
 On the calm flourishing head of it,
 And, whilst with wearied steps we upward go,
 See us, and clouds below.

O N D E R S
O N W I T .

TELL me, O tell, what kind of thing is wit,
 Thou, who master art of it.
 For the first matter loves variety less ;
 Less women love't, either in love or dress.

A thousand different shapes it bears,
Comely in thousand shapes appears.
Yonder we saw it plain; and here 'tis now,
Like spirits in a place, we know not how.
II.

London, that vents of false ware so much store,
In no ware deceives us more.

For men, led by the colour and the shape,
Like Zeuxes' birds, fly to the painted grape;
Some things do through our judgement pass,
As through a multiplying glass.

And sometimes, if the object be too far,
We take a falling meteor for a star.

III.

Hence 'tis, a wit, that greatest word of fame,
Grows such a common name.
And wits by our creation they become,
Just so, as titular bishops made at Rome.
'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jest
Admir'd with laughter at a feast,
Nor florid talk, which can that title gain;
The proofs of wit for ever must remain.

IV.

'Tis not to force some lifeless verses meet
With their five gouty feet.
All every where, like man's, must be the soul,
And reason the inferior powers controul.
Such were the numbers, which could call
The stones into the Theban wall.
Such miracles are ceas'd; and now we see
No towns or houses rais'd by poetry.

P O E M S O F H M

V.

Yet, 'tis not to adorn, and gild each part;

That shows more cost, than art.

Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear;

Rather, than all things, wit, let none be there.

Several lights will not be seen,

If there be nothing else between,

Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' sky,

If those be stars, which paint the galaxy.

VI.

'Tis not, when two like words make up one noise;

Jests for Dutch men, and English boys.

In which who finds out wit, the same may see

In anagrams and acrostics, poetry.

Much less can that have any place

At which a virgin hides her face;

Such dross the fire must purge away; 'tis just,

The author blush there, where the reader must.

VII.

'Tis not such lines as almost crack the stage,

When Bajazet begins to rage.

Nor a tall metaphor in the bombast way,

Nor the dry chips of short-lung'd Seneca.

Nor upon all things to obtrude

And force some odd similitude.

What is it then, which, like the power divine,

We only can by negatives define?

III.

TO THE LORD FALKLAND.

For his safe Return from the Northern Ex-
pedition against the Scots.

GREAT is thy charge, O North; be wise and just,
England commits her Falkland to thy trust;
Return him safe: Learning would rather chuse
Her Bodley, or her Vatican, to lose.
All things, that are but writ or printed there,
In his unbounded breast engraven are.
There all the sciences together meet,
And every art does all her kindred greet,
Yet justle not, nor quarrel; but as well
Agree, as in some common principle.
So, in an army govern'd right, we see
(Though out of several countries rais'd it be)
That all their order and their place maintain,
The English, Dutch, the Frenchmen, and the Dane.
So thousand diverse species fill the air,
Yet neither croud nor mix confus'dly there;
Beasts, houses, trees, and men together lie,
Yet enter undisturb'd into the eye.

And this great prince of knowledge is by fate
Thrust into th'noise and busines of a state.
All virtues, and some customs, of the court,
Other mens labour, are at least his sport.

Whilst we, who can no action undertake,
Whom idleness itself might learned make,
Who hear of nothing, and as yet scarce know,
Whether the Scots in England be or no,
Pace dully on, oft tire, and often stay,
Yet see his nimble Pegasus fly away.

"Tis nature's fault, who did thus partial grow,
And her estate of wit on one bestow :
Whilst we, like younger brothers, get at best
But a small stock, and must work out the rest.
How could he answer't, should the state think fit
To question a monopoly of wit?

Such is the man, whom we require the same
We lent the North ; untouched, as is his fame.
He is too good for war, and ought to be
As far from danger, as from fear he's free.
Those men alone (and those are useful, too)
Whose valour is the only art they know,
Were for sad war and bloody battles born :
Let them the state defend, and he adorn.

IV.

On the Death of Mr JORDAN,

Second Master at Westminster-School.

HE RE lies the master of my tender years,
The guardian of my parent's hope and fears,
Whose government ne'er stood me in a tear ;
All weeping was reserv'd to spend it here.
He pluck'd from youth the follies and the crimes,
And built up men against the future times ;

For deeds of age are in their causes then,
 And though he taught but boys, he made the men.
 Hence 'twas, a master, in those ancient days
 When men sought knowledge first, and by it praise,
 Was a thing full of reverence, profit, fame;
 Father itself was but a second name,
 And if a Muse hereafter smile on me,
 And say, "Be thou a poet," men shall see
 That none could a more grateful scholar have;
 For what I ow'd his life, I'll pay his grave.

V.

On the Death of Mr WILLIAM HERVEY.

Immodicis brevis est aetas, et rara senectus. MART.

I.
 IT was a dismal, and a fearful night,
 Scarce could the morn drive on th'unwilling light,
 When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
 By something, liker death, possest.
 My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
 And on my soul hung the dull weight
 Of some intolerable fate.
 What bell was that? Ah me! too much I know.

II.

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
 Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
 Thy end for ever, and my life to moan;
 O thou hast left me all alone!
 Thy soul and body, when death's agony

Besieg'd, around, thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part,
Than I, my dearest friend, do part from thee.

III.

My dearest friend, would I had dy'd for thee!
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,
If once my griefs prove tedious, too.
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by,
Where their hid treasures lie;
Alas, my treasure's gone, why do I stay?

IV.

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth;
A strong and mighty influence join'd our birth.
Nor did we envy the most sounding name
By friendship giv'n of old to fame.
None but his brethren he, and sisters knew,
Whom the kind youth preferr'd to me;
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above myself I lov'd them, too.

V.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights?
Till the Ledæan stars, so fam'd for love,
Wonder'd at us from above.
We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend, were thine.

VI.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,

Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about, which did not know

The love betwixt us two?

Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade;

Or your sad branches thicker join,

And into darksome shades combine,

Dark, as the grave, wherein my friend is laid.

VII.

Henceforth no learned youths beneath you sing,

Till all the tuneful birds to' your boughs they bring;

No tuneful birds play with their wonted clear,

And call the learned youths to hear;

No whistling winds through the glad branches fly,

But all with sad solemnity,

Mute and unmoved be,

Mute, as the grave, wherein my friend does lie,

VIII.

To him my Muse made haste with every strain,

Whilst it was new, and warm yet from the brain.

He lov'd my worthless rhimes, and, like a friend,

Would find out something to commend.

Hence now, my Muse, thou canst not me delight;

Be this my latest verse.

With which I now adorn his hearse,

And this my grief, without thy help, shall write..

IX.

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow,

I should contemn that flourishing honour now,

Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear

It rage and crackle there.

Instead of bays, crown with sad cypres me;

Cypress, which tombs does beautify;

Not Phoebus griev'd, so much as I,
For him, who first was made that mournful tree.

X.

Large was his soul; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here.

High as the place 'twas shortly in heav'n to have,
But low, and humble as his grave.

So high, that all the virtues there did come

As to their chiefest seat

Conspicuous, and great;
So low, that for me too it made a room.

XI.

He scorn'd this busy world below, and all
That we, mistaken mortals, pleasure call;
Was fill'd with innocent gallantry and truth,
Triumphant o'er the sins of youth.

He, like the stars, to which he now is gone,
That shine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the same,

Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

XII.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him knowledge had rather sought.
Nor did more learning ever crowded lie

In such a short mortality.

Whene'er the skilful youth discoursed or writ,
Still did the notions throng
About his eloquent tongue,
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.

XIII.

So strong a wit did nature to him frame,
As all things, but his judgment, overcame;

His judgment, like the heav'ly moon, did show,

Temp'ring that mighty sea below.

Oh, had he liv'd in learning's world, what bound

Would have been able to controul

His over-powering soul?

We've lost in him arts, that not yet are found.

XIV.

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,

Yet never did his God or friends forget.

And, when deep talk and wisdom came in view,

Retir'd and gave to them their due.

For the rich help of books he always took,

Though his own searching mind before

Was so with notions written o'er,

As if wise nature had made that her book.

XV.

So many virtues join'd in him, as we

Can scarce pick here and there in history.

More than old writers practice e'er could reach,

As much as they could ever teach.

These did religion, queen of virtues, sway,

And all their sacred motions steer,

Just like the first and highest sphere

Which wheels about, and turns all heav'n one way.

XVI.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,

He always liv'd, as other saints do die.

Still with his soul severe account he kept,

Weeping all debts out, ere he slept.

Then down in peace and innocence he lay,

Like the sun's laborious light,

Which still in water sets at night,

Unfullied with his journey of the day.

XVII.

Wondrous young man, why wert thou made so good,
To be snatch'd hence, ere better understood?
Snatch'd, before half of thee enough was seen!

Thou ripe; and yet thy life but green!
Nor could thy friends take their last sad farewell,

But danger and infectious death
Maliciously seiz'd on that breath

Where life, spirit, pleasure, always us'd to dwell.

XVIII.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age,

Where ignorance and hypocrisy does rage!

A fitter time for heav'n no soul e'er chose,

The place now only free from those.

There 'mong the blest thou dost for ever thine,

And wheresoe'er thou casts thy view

Upon that white and radiant crew,

See'st not a soul cloath'd with more light than thine.

XIX.

And, if the glorious saints cease not to know,

Their wretched friends, who fight with life below;

Thy flame to me does still the same abide,

Only more pure and rarified.

There, whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,

Thou dost with holy pity see

Our dull and earthly poesy,

Where grief and misery can be join'd with verse.

VI.

Imitation of MARTIAL, Lib. v. Ep. 21.

" SI tecum mihi, care Martialis,
 " Securis liceat frui diebus ;
 " Si disponere tempus otiosum ,
 " Et verae pariter vacare vitae :
 " Nec nos atria, nec domos potentum ,
 " Nec lites tetricas, forumque triste
 " Nossemus, nec imagines superbas :
 " Sed gestatio, fabulae, libelli,
 " Campus, porticus, umbra, virgo, thermae ;
 " Haec essent loca semper, hi labores.
 " Nunc vivit sibi neuter, heu, bonosque
 " Soles effugere atque abire sentit ;
 " Qui nobis pereunt, et imputantur.
 " Quisquam vivere cum sciat, moratur ?"

If, dearest friend, it my good fate might be
 To enjoy at once a quiet life and thee;
 If we for happiness could leisure find,
 And wandering time into a method bind,
 We should not sure the great man's favour need,
 Nor on long hopes, the court's thin diet, feed.
 We should not patience find daily to hear
 The calumnies, and flatteries, spoken there.
 We should not a lord's, table humbly use,
 Or talk, in ladies chambers, love and news;

But books, and wise discourse, gardens and fields,
And all the joys, that unmix'd nature yields.
Thick summer shades, where winter still does lie;
Bright winter fires, that summer's part supply.
Sleep, not controll'd by cares, confin'd to night,
Or bound in any rule, but appetite.
Free, but not savage or ungracious mirth;
Rich wines, to give it quick and easie birth.
A few companions, which ourselves should chuse,
A gentle mistress, and a gentler Muse.
Such, dearest friend, such, without doubt, should be
Our place, our busines, and our company.
Now to himself, alas! does neither, live,
But sees good funs, of which we are to give
A strict account, set and march thick away ;
Knows a man how to live, and does he stay ?

VII.

THE CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

I.

MARGARITA first possess'd,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita, first of all ;
But, when a while the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

II.

Martha soon did it resign
 To the beauteous Catharine.
 Beauteous Catharine gave place
 (Though loth and angry she to part
 With the possession of my heart)
 To Elisa's conquering face.

III.

Elisa till this hour might reign,
 Had she not evil counsels ta'en ;
 Fundamental laws she broke,
 And still new favourites she chose,
 Till up in arms my passions rose,
 And cast away her yoke.

IV.

Mary then and gentle Anne
 Both to reign at once began ;
 Alternately they sway'd :
 And sometimes Mary was the fair,
 And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
 And sometimes both I obey'd.

V.

Another Mary then arose,
 And did rigorous laws impose :
 A mighty tyrant, she !
 Long, alas ! should I have been
 Under that iron-scepter'd queen,
 Had not Rebecca set me free.

VI.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
 'Twas then a golden time with me ;
 But soon those pleasures fled :

For the gracious princess dy'd
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

VII.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power :
Wondrous beautiful her face ;
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

VIII.

But, when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye ;
Whilst she proudly march'd about
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the bye.

IX.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy-maid,
To whom ensu'd a vacancy.
Thousand worse passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast :
Bless me from such an anarchy !

X.

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary next began ;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria,
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Katharine,
And then a long *et caetera.*

XI.

But should I now to you relate,
 The strength and riches of their state,
 The powder, patches, and the pins,
 The ribbands, jewels, and the rings,
 The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
 That make up all their magazines :

XII.

If I should tell the politic arts
 To take and keep mens hearts ;
 The letters, embassies, and spies,
 The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
 The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
 Numberless, nameless mysteries !

XIII.

And all the little lime-twigs laid
 By Machiavel, the waiting-maid ;
 I more voluminous should grow
 (Chiefly, if I like them should tell
 All change of weathers that befell)
 Than Holinshead or Stow.

XIV.

But I will briefer with them be,
 Since few of them were long with me.
 An higher and a nobler strain
 My present emperess does claim,
 Helconora, first o' th' name ;
 Whom *God grant long to reign !*

VIII.

On the Death of Sir ANTONY VANDIKE,
the famous Painter.

VANDIKE is dead; but what bold Muse shall
dare

(Though poets in that word with painters share)

T'express her sadness? Poesy must become

An art, like painting here, an art, that's dumb.

Let's all our solemn grief in silence keep,

Like some sad picture, which he made to weep,

Or those who saw't; for none his works could view

Unmov'd with the same passions which he drew.

His pieces so with their live objects strive,

That both, or pictures seem, or both alive.

Nature herself, amaz'd, does doubting stand,

Which is her own, and which the painter's hand,

And does attempt the like with less success,

When her own work in twins she would express.

His all-resembling pencil did out-pans

The mimic imagery of looking-glaſs.

Nor was his life less perfect, than his art,

Nor was his hand less erring, than his heart.

There was no false, or fading colour there,

The figures sweet and well-proportion'd were.

Most other men, set next to him in view,

Appear'd more shadows than the men he drew.

Thus still he liv'd, till heav'n did for him call,

Where reverend Luke salutes him first of all :
 Where he beholds new sights, divinely fair ;
 And could almost wish for his pencil there ;
 Did he not gladly see how all things shine,
 Wondrously painted in the mind divine,
 Whilst he, for ever ravish'd with the show,
 Scorns his own art, which we admire below.

Only his beauteous lady still he loves ;
 (The love of heavenly objects heaven improves)
 He sees bright angels in pure beams appear,
 And thinks on her he left so like them here.
 And you, fair widow, who stay here alive,
 Since he so much rejoices, cease to grieve.
 Your joys and griefs were wont the same to be ;
 Begin not now, blest pair, to disagree.
 No wonder, death mov'd not his generous mind :
 You, and a new-born you, he left behind.
 Even fate expres'd his love to his dear wife,
 And let him end your picture with his life.

IX.

To Sir WILLIAM DAVENANT:
 Upon his two first Books of GONDIBERT,
 finished before his Voyage to America.

M E T H I N K S, heroic poesy, till now,
 Like some fantastic fairy-land did show :
 Gods, devils, nymphs, witches, and giants race,
 And all, but man, in man's chief work had place.
 Thou, like some worthy knight, with sacred arms .

Dost drive the monsters thence, and end the charms ;
Instead of those, dost men and manners plant,
The things, which that rich soil did chiefly want.
Yet even thy mortals do their gods excell,
Taught by the Muse to fight and love so well.

By fatal hands whilst present empires fall,
Thine from the grave past monarchies recall.
So much more thanks from human kind does merit
The poet's fury, than the zealot's spirit.
And from the grave thou mak'st this empire rise,
Not, like some dreadful ghost, t' affright our eyes,
But with more lustre and triumphant state,
Than when it crown'd at proud Verona late.
So will our God rebuild man's perish'd frame,
And raise him up much better, yet the same :
So god-like poets do past things rehearse,
Not change, but heighten, nature by their verse.

With shame, methinks, great Italy must see
Her conquerors rais'd to life again by thee.
Rais'd by such powerful verse, that ancient Rome
May blush no less to see her wit o'ercome.
Some men their fancies, like their faith, derive,
And think all ill but that which Rome does give.
The marks of old and catholic would find,
To the same chair would truth and fiction bind.
Thou in those beaten paths disdain'st to tread,
And scorn'st to live by robbing of the dead.
Since time does all things change, thou think'st not fit
This latter age should see all new, but wit.
Thy fancy, like a flame, its way does make,
And leave bright tracks for following pens to take.

Sure 'twas this noble boldnes of the Muse
Did thy desire to seek new worlds infuse,
And ne'er did heav'n so much a voyage bleſs,
If thou canſt plant but there, with like ſucceſs.

X.

On the death of Mr C R A S H A W.

P O E T and Saint ! to thee alone are given
The two most ſacred names of earth and heaven ;
The hard and rareſt union, which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses baniſh'd ſlaves abide,
And builte vain pyramids to mortal pride ;
Like Moſes thou (tho'għ ſpells and charms withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home back to their Holy Land.

Ah wretched we, poets of earth ! but thou
Wert, living, the ſame poet, which thou'rt now.
Whilſt angels ſing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applaue ſo great as thine,
Equal ſociety with them to hold,
Thou need'ſt not make new ſongs, but ſay the old.
And they (kind ſpirits !) ſhall all rejoice to fee
How little leſs than they, exalted man may be.
Still the old heathen gods in numbers dwell,
The heavenlieft thing on earth ſtill keeps up hell.
Nor have we yet quite purg'd the Christian land ;
Still idols here, like calves at Bethel, stand.

And though Pan's death long since all oracles broke,
 Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke :
 Nay with the worst of heathen dotage we
 (Vain men !) the monster woman deify ;
 Find stars, and tie our fates there, in a face,
 And Paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.
 What different faults corrupt our Muses thus !
 Wanton as girls, as old wives, fabulous !

Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain
 The boundless Godhead; she did well disdain
 That her eternal verse employ'd should be
 On a less subject than eternity ;
 And for a sacred mistress scorn'd to take,
 But her, whom God himself scorns not his spouse to
 It (in a kind) her miracle did do; [make.
 A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.

How well (blest swan) did fate contrive thy death ;
 And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
 In thy great mistress' arms ! thou most divine
 And richest offering of Loretto's shrine !
 Where, like some holy sacrifice, t' expire,
 A fever burns thee, and love lights the fire.
 Angels (they say) brought the sam'd chapel there,
 And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air.
 'Tis surer much, they brought thee there ; and they,
 And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Pardon, my mother church, if I consent
 That angels led him, when from thee he went ;
 For even in error sure no danger is,
 When join'd with so much piety as his.
 Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak't, and grief,
 Ah that our greatest faults were in belief !

ke,
And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.
And I myself a catholic will be,
So far at least, great saint, to pray to thee.

Hail, bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us, the poets militant below!
Oppos'd by our old enemy, adverse chance,
Attack'd by envy, and by ignorance,
Enchain'd by beauty, tortur'd by desires,
Expos'd by tyrant-love to savage beasts and fires.
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies.
Elitha-like (but with a wish much less,
More fit thy greatness, and my littleness)
Lo here, I beg (I whom thou once didst prove
So humble to esteem, so good to love)
Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be,
I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me.
And, when my muse soars with so strong a wing,
I'will learn of things divine, and first of thee, to sing.

XI.

ANACREON TICS.

OR,

Some Copies of Verses translated Paraphrastically out of ANACREON.

I.

LOVE.

I'LL sing of heroes, and of kings;
 In mighty numbers, mighty things.
 Begin, my Muse; but lo, the strings
 To my great song rebellious prove;
 The strings will sound of nought, but love.
 I broke them all, and put on new;
 'Tis this, or nothing sure, will do.
 These sure (said I) will me obey;
 These sure heroic notes will play.
 Straight I began with thundering Jove,
 And all th' immortal pow'rs, but love.
 Love smil'd, and from my enfeebled lyre
 Came gentle airs, such as inspire
 Melting love, and soft desire.
 Farewel, then, heroes, farewell kings,
 And mighty numbers, mighty things;
 Love tunes my heart just to my strings.

II.

D R I N K I N G .

T H E thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are,
With constant drinking, fresh and fair.
The sea itself, which, one would think,
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd, that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun (and one would guess,
By's drunken fiery face, no less)
Drinks up the sea, and, when he'as done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink, but I,
Why, man of morals, tell me why ?

III.

B E A U T Y .

L I B E R A L nature did dispense
To all things arms for their defence ;

And some she arms with sinewy force,
 And some, with swiftness in the course ;
 Some, with hard hoofs, or forked claws,
 And some, with horns, or tusked jaws ;
 And some with scales, and some with wings,
 And some with teeth, and some with stings.
 Wisdom to man she did afford,
 Wisdom for shield, and wit for sword.
 What to beauteous woman-kind,
 What arms, what armour, has she assign'd ?
 Beauty is both ; for with the fair
 What arms, what armour, can compare ?
 What steel, what gold, or diamond,
 More impassible is found ?
 And yet what flame, what lightning e'er,
 So great an active force did bear ?
 They are all weapon, and they dart,
 Like porcupines, from every part.
 Who can, alas, their strength express,
 Arm'd, when they themselves undress,
 Cap-a-pee with nakedness ?

IV.

THE DUEL.

YES, I will love then, I will love,
 I will not now love's rebel prove,
 Though I was once his enemy ;
 Though, ill-advis'd and stubborn, I
 Did to the combat him defy,

An helmet, spear, and mighty shield,
Like some new Ajax, I did wield.
Love in one hand his bow did take,
In th' other hand a dart did shake.
But yet in vain the dart did throw,
In vain he often drew the bow.
So well my armour did resist,
So oft by flight the blow I miss'd.
But when I thought all danger past,
His quiver emptied quite at last,
Instead of arrow, or of dart,
He shot himself into my heart.
The living and the killing arrow
Ran through the skin, the flesh, the blood,
And broke the bones, and scorch'd the marrow,
No trench or work of life withstood.
In vain I now the walls maintain,
I set out guards and scouts in vain,
Since th' enemy does within remain.
In vain, a breast-plate now I wear,
Since in my breast the foe I bear.
In vain, my feet their swiftnes try ;
For from the body can they fly ?

V.

A G E.

O F T am I by the women told,
Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old :

Look, how thy hairs are falling all !
Poor Anacreon, how they fall !
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' effects I do not know.
This I know, without being told,
'Tis time to live, if I grow old,
'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.

VI.

THE ACCOUNT.

WHEN all the stars are by thee told,
(The endless sums of heavenly gold)
Or, when the hairs are reckon'd all,
From sickly autumn's head that fall,
Or, when the drops that make the sea,
Whilst all her sands thy counters be ;
Thou then, and thou alone, may'st prove
Th' arithmetician of my love.
An hundred loves at Athens score,
At Corinth write an hundred more :
Fair Corinth does such beauties bear,
So few is an escaping there.
Write then at Chios seventy-three ;
Write then at Lesbos (let me see)
Write me at Lesbos ninety down,
Full ninety loves, and half a one.

And next to these let me present
The fair Ionian regiment.
And next the Carian company,
Five hundred both effectively.
Three hundred more at Rhodes and Crete ;
Three hundred, 'tis I'm sure, complete ;
For arms at Crete each face does bear,
And every eye's an archer there.
Go on ; this stop why dost thou make ?
Thou think'st, perhaps, that I mistake.
Seems this to thee too great a sum ?
Why many thousands are to come ;
The mighty Xerxes could not boast
Such different nations in his host.
On ; for my love, if thou be'st weary,
Must find some better secretary.
I have not yet my Persian told,
Nor yet my Syrian loves enroll'd,
Nor Indian, nor Arabian ;
Nor Cyprian loves, nor African ;
Nor Scythian, nor Italian flames ;
There's a whole map behind of names ;
Of gentle loves i' th' temperate zone,
And cold ones in the frigid zone ;
Cold frozen loves, with which I pine,
And parched loves, beneath the line.

VII.

G O L D.

A MIGHTY pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss.
But of all pains the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit by love is understood,
Gold alone does passion move,
Gold monopolizes love !
A curse on her, and on the man
Who this traffic first began !
A curse on him who found the ore !
A curse on him who digg'd the store !
A curse on him who did refine it !
A curse on him who first did coin it !
A curse, all curses else above,
On him who us'd it first in love !
Gold begets in brethren hate,
Gold, in families debate ;
Gold does friendship separate,
Gold does civil wars create.
These the smallest harms of it !
Gold, alas ! does love beget.

VIII.

T H E E P I C U R E .

FILL the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine,
And let us cheerfully a while,
Like the wine and roses, smile.
Crown'd with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish busines, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

IX.

A N O T H E R .

U N D E R N E A T H this myrtal shade,
On flowery beds supinely laid,
With odorous oils my head o'er-flowing,
And around it roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly state,
Love himself shall on me wait.

Fill to me, love, nay, fill it up;
And mingled cast into the cup,
Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
Vigorous health, and gay desires.
The wheel of life no less will stay
In a smooth, than rugged way.
Since it equally does flee,
Let the motion pleasant be.
Why do we precious ointments shower,
Nobler wines why do we pour,
Beauteous flowers why do we spread,
Upon the monuments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can show,
Or bones, that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses whilst I live,
Now your wines and ointments give.
After death I nothing crave,
Let me alive my pleasures have;
All are Stoics in the grave.

X.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect, what can be,
In happiness, compar'd to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
'The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;

'Tis fill'd, wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymed.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
Happier than the happiest king !
All the fields, which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee,
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow ;
Farmer he, and landlord thou !
Thou dost innocently joy ;
Nor does thy luxury destroy ;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee, country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year !
Thee, Phoebus loves, and does inspire ;
Phoebus is himself thy fire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy thou
Dost neither age nor winter know.
But, when thou'rt drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise, with all,
Epicurean animal !)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

XI.

THE SWALLOW.

FOOLISH prater, what dost thou
So early at my window do,
With thy tuneless serenade ?
Well 't had been, had Tereus made
Thee, as dumb, as Philomel ;
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiscover'd nest
Thou dost all the winter rest,
And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,
Free from the stormy season's noise :
Free from th' ill thou'st done to me ;
Who disturbs, or seeks out thee ?
Hadst thou all the charming notes
Of the wood's poetic throats,
All thy art could never pay
What thou'st ta'en from me away ;
Cruel bird, thou'st ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day,
A dream, that ne'er must equal'd be
By all that waking eyes may see.
Thou, this damage to repair,
Nothing half so sweet or fair,
Nothing half so good can bring,
Though men say, *Thou bring'st the spring.*

XII.

ELEGY UPON ANACREON,

Who was choaked by a GRAPE-STONE.

Spoken by the God of Love.

HOW shall I lament thine end,
My best servant, and my friend ?
Nay, and, if from a deity
So much deified as I,
It found not too profane and odd,
Oh my master, and my god !
For 'tis true, most mighty poet,
(Though I like not men should know it).
I am in naked nature less,
Less by much, than in thy dress.
All thy verse is softer far
Than the downy feathers are
Of my wings, or of my arrows,
Of my mother's doves, or sparrows.
Sweet as lovers freshest kisses,
Or their riper following blisses,
Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,
All with Venus' girdle bound ;
And thy life was all the while
Kind and gentle, as thy style.
The smooth-pac'd hours of ev'ry day

Glided numerously away.

Like thy verse, each hour did pass ;
Sweet and short like that it was.

Some do but their youth allow me,
Just what they, by nature, owe me ;
The time, that's mine, and not their own,
The certain tribute of my crown.

When they grow old, they grow to be
Too busy, or too wise, for me.

Thou wert wiser, and didst know,
None too wise for love can grow ;

Love was with thy life entwin'd
Close, as heat with fire is join'd,
A powerful brand prescrib'd the date
Of thine, like Meleager's fate.

Th' antiperistasis of age
More enflam'd thy amorous rage ;
Thy silver hairs yielded me more,
Than even golden curls, before.

Had I the power of creation,
As I have of generation,
Where I the matter must obey,
And cannot work plate out of clay ;
My creatures should be all like thee,
'Tis thou should their idea be.
They, like thee, should throughly hate
Business, honour, title, state.
Other wealth they should not know,
But what my living mines bestow ;
The pomp of kings they should confess
At their crownings to be less
Than a lover's humblest guise,

When at his mistres' feet he lies.
Rumour they no more should mind
Than men safe-landed do the wind ;
Wisdom itself they should not hear,
When it presumes to be severe.

Beauty alone they should admire ;
Nor look at fortune's vain attire,
Nor ask what parents it can shew ;
With dead, or old, t'has nought to do.
They should not love yet all, or any,

But very much, and very many.
All their life should gilded be
With mirth, and wit, and gaiety,
Well remembering, and applying
The necessity of dying.

Their cheerful heads should always wear
All that crowns the flowery year.
They should always laugh, and sing,
And dance, and strike th'harmonious string ;
Verse should from their tongue so flow,

As if it in the mouth did grow,
As swiftly answering their command,
As tunes obey the artful hand.
And, whilst I do thus discover
Th'ingredients of a happy lover,

'Tis, my Anacreon, for thy sake

I of the grape no mention make.

Till my Anacreon by thee fell,
Cursed plant, I lov'd thee well.
And 'twas oft my wanton use,
To dip my arrows in thy juice.
Cursed plant, 'tis true, I see,

Th'old report that goes of thee,
That with giants blood the earth
Stain'd and poison'd gave thee birth,
And now thou wreak'st thy ancient spight
On men in whom the gods delight.
Thy patron Bacchus, 'tis no wonder,
Was brought forth in flames and thunder,
In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,
Worse than his tigers, he delights;
In all our heav'n I think there be
No such ill-natur'd god as he.
Thou pretendest, traitorous wine,
To be the Muses friend and mine.
With love and wit thou dost begin,
False fires, alas, to draw us in,
Which, if our course we by them keep,
Misguide to madness, or to sleep.
Sleep were well; thou'st learn'd a way
To death itself now to betray.

It grieves me, when I see what fate
Does on the best of mankind wait.
Poets, or lovers, let them be,
'Tis neither love nor poesy
Can arm against death's smallest dart
The poet's head, or lover's heart.
But, when their life, in its decline,
Touches th'inevitable line,
All the world's mortal to 'em then,
And wine is aconite to men.
Nay, in death's hand, the grape-stone proves
As strong, as thunder is in Jove's.

XII.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR,

A N O D E :

In Imitation of HORACE, Ode iv. ii.

I.

PINDAR is imitable by none;
The phoenix Pindar is a vast species alone.
Who e'er, but Daedalus, with waxen wings could fly,
And neither sink too low, nor soar too high?

What could he, who follow'd, claim,
But of vain boldnes the unhappy fame,
And, by his fall, a sea to name?
Pindar's unnavigable song,
Like a swoln flood from some steep mountain, pours
along:

The ocean meets with such a voice
From his enlarged mouth, as drowns the ocean's noise.

II.

So Pindar does new words and figures roule
Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,

Which in no channel deigns t'abide,
Which neither banks nor dikes controul.

Whether th'immortal gods he sings
In a no less immortal strain;
Or the great acts of god-descended kings,
Who in his numbers still survive and reign.

Each rich embroider'd line,

Which their triumphant brows around,
By his sacred hand, is bound,
Does all their starry diadems outshine.

III.

Whether at Pisa's race he please
To carve in polish'd verse the conquerors images :
Whether the swift, the skilful, or the strong,
Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vigorous song :
Whether some brave young man's untimely fate,
In words worth dying for, he celebrate,
Such mournful, and such pleasing words
As joy to' his mother's and his mistress' grief affords.
He bids him live and grow in fame,
Among the stars he sticks his name ;
The grave can but the dross of him devour,
So small is death's, so great' the poet's, power.

IV.

Lo, how th' obsequious wind, and swelling air,
The Theban swan does upwards bear
Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
And with extended wings opens his liquid way.
Whilst, alas, my tim'rous Muse
Unambitious tracks pursues ;
Does, with weak unballast wings,
About the mossy brooks and springs ;
About the trees new-blossom'd heads,
About the gardens painted beds,
About the fields and flowery meads,
And all inferior beauteous things,
Like the laborious bee,
For little drops of honey flee,
And there with humble sweets contents her industry.

XIII.

B R U T U S,

A N O D E.

I.

EXCELLENT Brutus, of all human race,
 The best, till nature was improv'd by grace,
 Till men above themselves faith raised more,
 Than reason above beasts, before.
 Virtue was thy life's centre, and from thence
 Did silently and constantly dispense
 The gentle vigorous influence
 To all the wide and fair circumference :
 And all the parts upon it lean'd so easily,
 Obey'd the mighty force so willingly,
 That none could discord or disorder see
 In all their contrariety.
 Each had his motion natural and free,
 And the whole no more moy'd, than the whole world
 could be.

II.

From the strict rule some think that thou didst fswerve
 (Mistaken honest men) in Cæsar's blood :
 What mercy could the tyrant's life deserve
 From him, who kill'd himself, rather than serve ?
 Th' heroic exaltations of good
 Are so far from understood,

We count them vice ; alas, our sight's so ill,
 That things, which swiftest move, seem to stand still.
 We look not upon virtue in her height,
 On her supreme idea, brave and bright,

In the original light :

But, as her beams reflected pass
 Through our own nature, or ill custom's glas.
 And 'tis no wonder so,
 If, with dejected eye,
 In standing pools we seek the sky,
 That stars, so high above, should seem to us below.

III.

Can we stand by, and see
 Our mother robb'd, and bound, and ravish'd be,
 Yet not to her assistance stir,
 Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ravisher ?
 Or, shall we fear to kill him, if before
 The cancel'd name of friend he bore ?

Ingrateful Brutus do they call ?
 Ingrateful Cæsar, who could Rome enthral !
 In act more barbarous and unnatural
 (In th' exact balance of true virtue tried)
 Than his successor Nero's parricide!
 There's none, but Brutus, could deserve
 That all men else should wish to serve,
 And Cæsar's usurp'd place to him should proffer ;
 None can deserve't, but he, who would refuse the offer.

IV.

Ill fate assum'd a body thee t' affright,
 And wrap'd itself i'th' terrors of the night,
 I'll meet thee at Philippi, said the spright ;

I'll meet thee there, saidst thou,
With such a voice, and such a brow,
As put the trembling ghost to sudden flight ;
It vanish'd, as a taper's light
Goes out, when spirits appear in sight.
One would have thought, t' had heard the morning crow,
Or seen her well-appointed star
Come marching up the eastern hill afar.
Nor durst it in Philippi's field appear,
But unseen attack'd thee there.
Had it presum'd in any shape thee to oppose,
Thou wouldest have forc'd it back upon thy foes :
Or slain't, like Cæsar, though it be
A conqueror, and a monarch, mightier far, than he.

V.

What joy can human things to us afford,
When we see perish thus, by odd events,
Ill men, and wretched accidents,
The best cause, and best man that ever drew a sword ?

When we see
The false Octavius, and wild Antony,
God-like Brutus, conquer thee ?
What can we say, but thine own tragic word,
That virtue, which had worship'd been by thee
As the most solid good, and greatest deity,
By this fatal proof became
An idol only, and a name ?
Hold, noble Brutus, and restrain
The bold voice of thy generous disdain :
These mighty gulphs are yet
Too deep for all thy judgement and thy wit.

The time's set forth already, which shall quell
Stiff reason, when it offers to rebell;

Which these great secrets shall unseal,
And new philosophies reveal.

A few years more, so soon hadst thou not died,
Would have confounded human virtue's pride,
And shew'd thee a God crucified.

XIV.

To Mr Hobbes.

I.

VAST bodies of philosophy
I oft have seen, and read;
But all are bodies dead,
Or bodies, by art fashioned;
I never yet the living soul could see,
But in thy books, and thee.

"Tis only God can know
Whether the fair idea thou dost show
Agree intirely with his own, or no.

This I dare boldly tell,
"Tis so like truth, 'twill serve our turn as well.
Just, as in nature, thy proportions be,
As full of concord, their variety;
As firm the parts upon their centre rest;
And all so solid are, that they at least,
As much as nature, emptiness detest.

II.

Long did the mighty Stagirite retain
The universal intellectual reign,
Saw his own country's short-liv'd leopard slain ;
The stronger Roman-eagle did outfly,
Oftner renewed his age, and saw that die ;
Meccha itself, in spight of Mahomet, possess'd,
And, chas'd by a wild deluge from the East,
His monarchy new planted, in the West.
But, as in time each great imperial race
Degenerates, and gives some new one place ;
So did this noble empire waste,
Sunk by degrees from glories past,
And in the school-mens hands it perish'd quite at last.
Then nought, but words, it grew,
And those, all barbarous, too :
It perish'd, and it vanish'd there,
The life and soul, breath'd out, became but empty air.

III.

The fields, which answer'd well the ancients plough,
Spent and out-worn, return no harvest now,
In barren age wild and unglorious lie,
And boast of past fertility,
The poor relief of present poverty.
Food and fruit we now must want,
Unless new lands we plant.
We break up tombs with sacrilegious hands ;
Old rubbish we remove ;
To walk in ruins, like vain ghosts, we love.
And with fond divining wands
We search among the dead
For treasures buried,

Whilst still the liberal earth does hold
So many virgin mines of undiscover'd gold.

IV.

The Baltic, Euxine, and the Caspian,
And slender-limb'd Mediterranean,
Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit
For the poor wretched fisher-boats of wit.
Thy nobler vessel the vast ocean tries,
And nothing fees, but seas and skies,
Till unknown regions it descries.
Thou great Columbus of the golden lands of new philosophies.

Thy task was harder much, than his;
For thy learn'd America is
Not only found out first by thee,
And rudely left to future industry;
But thy eloquence, and thy wit,
Has planted, peopled, built, and civiliz'd it.

V.

I little thought before,
(Nor, being my ownself so poor,
Could comprehend so vast a store)
That all the wardrobe of rich eloquence
Could have afforded half enough,
Of bright, of new, and lasting stuff,
To clothe the mighty limbs of thy gigantic sense.
Thy solid reason, like the shield from heaven
To the Trojan hero given,
Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
Yet shines with gold and gems in every part,
And wonders on it grav'd by the learn'd hand of art;

A shield, that gives delight
 Even to the enemies sight,
 Then, when they're sure to lose the combat by't.

VI.

Nor can the snow, which now cold age does shed
 Upon thy reverend head,
 Quench or allay the noble fires within;
 But all which thou hast been,
 And all that youth can be, thou'rt yet,
 So fully still dost thou
 Enjoy the manhood, and the bloom of wit,
 And all the natural heat, but not the fever, too.
 So contiaries on Ætna's top conspire,
 Here hoary frosts, and by them breaks out fire.
 A secure peace the faithful neighbours keep,
 Th' embolden'd snow next to the flame does sleep.
 And, if we weigh, like thee,
 Nature, and causes, we shall see
 That thus it needs must be,
 To things immortal, time can do no wrong,
 And that which never is to die, for ever must be young.

XV.

L I F E A N D F A M E.

O H Life, thou nothing's younger brother!
 So like, that one might take one for the other!
 What's somebody, or nobody?
 In all the cobwebs of the schoolmen's trade,
 We no such nice distinction woven see,

As 'tis, to be, or not to be.
 Dream of a shadow ! a reflection, made
 From the false glories of the gay reflected bow,
 Is a more solid thing than thou.
 Vain weak-built isthmus, which dost proudly rise
 Up betwixt two eternities :
 Yet canst nor wave nor wind sustain ;
 But, broken and o'erwhelm'd, the endless oceans meet
 again.

II.

And with what rare inventions do we strive,
 Ourselves then to survive ?
 Wise, subtle arts, and such as well befit
 That nothing man's no wit.
 Some with vast costly tombs would purchase it,
 And, by the proofs of death, pretend to live.
Here lies the great—False marble, where ?
 Nothing but small and fordid dust lies there.
 Some build enormous mountain-palaces,
 The fools and architects to please :
 A lasting life in well-hewn stone they rear :
 So he, who on th' Egyptian shore
 Was slain, so many hundred years before,
 Lives still (oh life, most happy and most dear !)
 Oh life, that Epicures envy to hear !)
 Lives in the dropping ruins of his amphitheatre.

III.

His father-in-law an higher place does claim
 In the seraphic entity of fame.
 He, since that toy, his death,
 Does fill all mouths, and breathes in all men's breath.
 'Tis true, the two immortal syllables remain,

But, O ye learned men, explain,
 What essence, what existence this,
 What substance, what subsistence, what hypostasis,
 In six poor letters is ?
 In those alone does the great Caesar live,
 'Tis all the conquer'd world could give.
 We poets, madder yet than all,
 With a refin'd fantastic vanity,
 Think we not only have, but give eternity.
 Fain would I see that prodigal,
 Who his to-morrow would bestow
 For all old Homer's life, e'er since he died, till now.

XVI.

O D E.

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS:.

Out of CATULLUS.

WHILST on Septimius' panting breast,
 (Meaning nothing less than rest)
 Acme lean'd her loving head,
 Thus the pleas'd Septimius said ;

My dearest Acme, if I be
 Once alive, and love not thee
 With a passion far above
 All that e'er was called love,

In a Libyan desert may
I become some lion's prey ;
Let him, Acme, let him tear
My breast, when Acme is not there.

'The god of love, who stood to hear him,
(The god of love ways always near him),
Plas'd and tickled with the sound,
Sneez'd aloud; and all around
The little loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and bliss'd the augury.
Acme, inflam'd with what he said,
Rear'd her gently-bending head,
And, her purple mouth with joy
Stretching to the delicious boy,
Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)
She kiss'd his drunken, rowling eyes.

My little life, my all (said she),
So may we ever servants be
To this best god, and ne'er retain
Our hated liberty again ;
So may thy passion last for me,
As I a passion have for thee,
Greater and fiercer much than can
Be conceiv'd by thee, a man.
Into my marrow is it gone,
Fix'd and settled in the bone,
It reigns not only in my heart,
But runs, like life, through ev'ry part.

She spoke; the god of love, aloud,
Sneez'd again ; and all the crowd
Of little loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and blefs'd the augury.

This good omen thus from heaven,
Like a happy signal, given,
Their loves and lives (all four) embrace,
And hand in hand run all the race.
To poor Septimius (who did now
Nothing else but Acme grow)
Acme's bosom was alone
The whole world's imperial throne,
And to faithful Acme's mind
Septimius was all human kind.

If the gods would please to be
But advis'd for once by me,
I'd advise them, when they spy
Any illuitrious piety,
To reward her, if it be she ;
To reward him, if it be he ;
With such a husband, such a wife,
With Acme's and Septimius' life.

XVII.

THE COMPLAINT.

I.

IN a deep vision's intellectual scene,
 Beneath a bower for sorrow made,
 Th' uncomfortable shade,
 Of the black yew's unlucky green,
 Mix'd with the mourning willow's careful grey,
 Where reverend Cam cuts out his famous way,
 The melancholy Cowley lay :

And lo ! a Muse appear'd to his clos'd sight,
 (The muses oft in lands of vision play)
 Bodied, array'd, and seen by an internal light.
 A golden harp, with silver strings, she bore,
 A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,
 In which all colours and all figures were
 That nature or that fancy can create,
 That art can never imitate ;
 And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air.
 In such a dress, in such a well-cloath'd dream,
 She us'd, of old, near fair Ismenus' stream,
 Pindar her Theban favourite to meet ;
 A crown was on her head, and wings were on her feet.

II.

She touch'd him with her harp, and rais'd him from
 the ground ;
 The shaken strings melodiously resound.

Art thou return'd, at last said she,
To this forsaken place and me ?
Thou prodigal, who didst so loosely waste
Of all thy youthful years, the good estate ;
Art thou return'd here, to repeat too late ?
And gather husks of learning up at last,
Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,

And winter marches on so fast ?
But, when I meant to t'adopt thee for my son,
And did as learn'd a portion assign,
As ever any of the mighty Nine

Had to their dearest children done ;
When I resolv'd t'exalt thy' anointed name,
Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame ;
Thou changeling, thou, bewitch'd with noise and show,
Wouldst into courts and cities from me go ;
Wouldst see the world abroad, and have a share
In all the follies and the tumults there,
Thou wouldst, forsooth, be somethong in a state,
And business thou wouldst find, and wouldst create :

Business ! the frivolous pretence
Of human lusts, to shake off innocence ;
Business ! the grave impertinence :
Business ! the thing which I of all things hate,
Business ! the contradiction of thy fate.

III.

Go, renegado, cast up thy account,
And see to what amount
Thy foolish gains by quitting me :
The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostacy.
Thou thought'st, if once the public storm were past,

All thy remaining life should sun-shine be :
 Behold, the public storm is spent at last,
 The sovereign is lost at sea no more,
 And thou, with all the noble company,

Art got at last to shore.

But, whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see
 All march'd up to possess the promis'd land,
 Thou still alone (alas) dost gaping stand,
 Upon the naked beech, upon the barren sand.

IV.

As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
 After a tedious stormy night ;
 Such was the glorious entry of our king,
 Enriching moisture drop'd on every thing :
 Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light.

But then (alas) to thee alone,

One of old Gideon's miracles was shown,
 For every tree, and every herb around,
 With pearly dew was crow'n'd,
 And upon all the quicken'd ground,
 The fruitful seed of heav'n did brooding lie,

And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.

It did all other threats surpas'd,
 When God to his own people said,

(The men, whom through long wanderings he had led)
 That he would give them ev'n a heav'n of brass :
 They look'd up to that heav'n in vain,
 That bounteous heav'n, which God did not restrain,
 Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.

V.

The Rachel, for which twice seven years and more,
 Thou didst with faith and labour serve,

And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,
Though she contracted was to thee,
Giv'n to another thou didst see ;
Giv'n to another, who had store
Of fairer, and of richer wives, before ;
And not a Leah left, thy recompence to be.
Go on, twice seven years more, thy fortune try,
Twice seven years more God in his bounty may
Give thee, to fling away
Into the court's deceitful lottery.

But think how likely 'tis, that thou,
With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough,
Should in a hard and barren season thrive,
Should even able be to live ;
Thou, to whose share so little bread did fall,
In the miraculous year, when manna rain'd on all.

VI.

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,
That seem'd at once to pity and revile.
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
The melancholy Cowley said ;
Ah wanton foe, dost thou upbraid
The ills, which thou thyself hast made ?
When, in the cradle, innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked spirit, stol'st me away,
And my abused soul didst bear
Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,
Thy golden Indies in the air ;
And ever since I strive in vain
My ravish'd freedom to regain ;
Still I rebel, still thou dost reign ;
Lo, still in verse against thee I complain.

There is a sort of stubborn weeds,
Which, if the earth but once, it ever breeds.
No wholesome herb can near them thrive,
No useful plant can keep alive :
The foolish sports I did on thee bestow,
Make all my art and labour fruitless now ;
Where once such Fairies dance, no grafts doth ever grow.

VII.

When my new mind had no infusion known,
Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever since I vainly try
To wash away th' inherent dye :
Long work perhaps may spoil thy colours quite,
But never will reduce the native white :
To all the ports of honour and of gain
I often steer my course in vain ;
The gale comes cross, and drives me back again.
Thou slack'nest all my nerves of industry,
By making them so oft to be
The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy.
Whoever this world's happiness would see,
Must as entirely cast off thee,
As they, who only heaven desire,
Do from the world retire.
This was my error, this my gross mistake,
Myself a demy-votary to make.
Thus, with Sapphira and her husband's fate,
(A fault which I, like them, am taught too late)
For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,
And perish for the part which I retain.

VIII.

Teach me not, then, O thou fallacious Muse,
 The court, and better king, t' accuse ;
 The heaven, under which I live, is fair ;
 The fertile soil will a full harvest bear ;
 Thine, thine, is all the barrenness ; if thou
 Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should plough :
 When I but think, how many a tedious year
 Our patient sovereign did attend
 His long misfortunes' fatal end !
 How clearfully, and how exempt from fear,
 On the great Sovereign's will he did depend ;
 I ought to be accus'd, if I refuse
 To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse !
 Kings have long hands (they say) ; and though I be
 So distant, they may reach at length to me.
 However, of all princes, thou
 Should'st not reproach rewards, for being small or slow ;
 Thou, who rewardest but with popular breath,
 And that too after death.

XVIII.

On the Death of Mrs CATHARINE PHILIPS.

C RUEL disease ! ah, could it not suffice
 Thy old and constant spight to exercise
 Against the gentlest and the fairest sex,
 Which still thy depredations most do vex ?

Where still thy malice most of all
 (Thy malice or thy lust) does on the fairest fall ?
 And in them most assault the fairest place,
 The throne of empress beauty, ev'n the face ?
 There was enough of that here to asswage
 (One would have thought) either thy lust or rage ;
 Was't not enough, when thou, profane disease,
 Didst on this glorious temple seize ;
 Was't not enough, like a wild zealot, there,
 All the rich outward ornaments to tear,
 Deface the innocent pride of beauteous images ?
 Was't not enough thus rudely to defile,
 But thou must quite destroy, the goodly pile ?
 And thy unbounded sacrilege commit
 On th' inward holiest holy of her wit ?
 Cruel disease ! There thou mistook'st thy power ;
 No mine of death can that devour,
 On her embalmed name it will abide
 An everlasting pyramide,
 As high as heav'n the top, as earth the basis wide.

II.

All ages past record, all countries now,
 In various kinds, such equal beauties show,
 That ev'n judge Paris would not know
 On whom the golden apple to bestow ;
 Though goddesses to his sentence did submit,
 Women and lovers would appeal from it :
 Nor durst he say, of all the female race,
 This is the sovereign face.
 And some (though these be of a kind that's rare,
 That's much, ah, much less frequent, than the fair)
 So equally renown'd for virtue are,
 That it the mother of the gods might pose,

When the best woman for her guide she chose.

But, if Apollo should design
A woman laureat to make,
Without dispute he would Orinda take,
Though Sappho and the famous Nine
Stood by, and did repine.

To be a princess or a queen,
Is great; but 'tis a greatness always seen;
The world did never but two women know,
Who, one by fraud, th' other by wit, did rise
To the two tops of spiritual dignities,
One female pope of old, one female poet now.

III.

Of female poets, who had names of old,

Nothing is shown, but only told;
And all we hear of them perhaps may be
Male-flattery only, and male-poetry.
Few minutes did their beauties lightning waste,
The thunder of their voice did longer last,

But that, too, soon was past.
The certain proofs of our Orinda's wit,
In her own' lasting characters are writ;
And they will long my praise of them survive,

Though long perhaps, too, that may live.
The trade of glory manag'd by the pen,
Though great it be, and every where is found,
Does bring in but small profit to us men;
'Tis by the number of the sharers drown'd.
Orinda, on the female coasts of fame,
Ingrosses all the goods of a poetic name.

She does no partner with her fee,
Does all the business there alone, which we
Are forc'd to carry on by a whole company.

IV.

But wit's like a luxuriant vine ;
Unless to virtue's prop it join,
Firm and erect towards heaven bound ;
Though it with beauteous leaves and pleasant fruit be
crown'd,
It lies deform'd, and rotting on the ground.
Now shame and blushes on us all,
Who our own sex superior call !
Orinda does our boasting sex out-do,
Not in wit only, but in virtue too.
She does above our best examples rise,
In hate of vice, and scorn of vanities.
Never did spirit of the manly make,
And dipt all o'er in learning's sacred lake,
A temper more invulnerable take.
No violent passion could an entrance find,
Into the tender goodness of her mind ;
Through walls of stone those furious bullets may
Force their impetuous way,
When her soft breast they hit, powerless and dead they
lay.

V.

The fame of friendship which so long had told
Of three or four illustrious names of old,
Till hoarfe and weary with the tale she grew,
Rejoices now t' have got a new,
A new, and more surprizing story,
Of fair Leucasia's and Orinda's glory.
As when a prudent man does once perceive
That in some foreign country he must live,
The language and the manners he does strive

'To understand and practise here,
 That he may come, no stranger there ;
 So well Orinda did herself prepare
 In this much different clime for her remove
 To the glad world of poetry and love.

XIX.

H Y M N .

T O L I G H T .

FIRST-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
 From the old Negro's darksome womb !
 Which when it saw the lovely child,
 The melancholy mass put on kind looks, and smil'd ;

II.

Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,
 But ever ebb, and ever flow !
 Thou golden shower of a true Jove !
 Who does in thee descend, and heaven to earth make
 love !

III.

Hail, active nature's watchful life and heath !
 Her joy, her ornament, and wealth !
 Hail to thy husband, heat, and thee !
 Thou, the world's beauteous bride; the lusty bride-
 groom, he !

IV.

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky,
Do all thy winged arrows fly?
Swiftness and power by birth are thine :
From thy great fire they came, thy fire, the Word
Divine.

V.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to show,
That so much cost in colours thou
And skill in painting dost bestow
Upon thy ancient arms, the gawdy heavenly bow.

VI.

Swift as light thoughts their empty carrier run,
Thy race is finish'd, when begun ;
Let a post-angel start with thee,
And thou the goal of earth shalt reach as soon as he.

VII.

Thou, in the moon's bright chariot proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey ;
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal spring.

VIII.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above
The sun's gilt tent for ever move,
And still, as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

IX.

Nor, amidst all these triumphs, dost thou scorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,

And with those living spangles gild
(O greatness without pride!) the bushes of the field.

X.

Night, and her ugly subjects, thou dost fright,
And sleep, the lazy owl of night;
Asham'd and fearful to appear,
They screen their horrid shapes with the black hemisphere.

XI.

With 'em there hastes, and wildly takes the alarm,
Of painted dreams, a busy swarm;
At the first opening of thine eye,
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

XII.

The guilty serpents, and obscener beasts,
Creep conscious to their secret rests:
Nature to thee does reverence pay,
Ill omens and ill sights removes out of thy way.

XIII.

At thy appearance, grief itself is laid
To shake his wings, and rouse his head;
And cloudy care has often took
A gentle beamy simile reflected from thy look.

XIV.

At thy appearance, fear itself grows bold;
Thy sun-shine melts away his cold.
Encourag'd at the sight of thee,
To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

XV.

Even lust, the master of a harden'd face,
 Blushes, if thou be'st in the place,
 To darknes' curtains he retires,
 In sympathizing night he rowls his smoaky fires.

XVI.

When, goddess, thou lift'st up thy waken'd head
 Out of the morning's purple bed,
 Thy choir of birds about thee play,
 And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

XVII.

The ghosts, and monster spirits, that did presume
 A body's privilege to assume,
 Vanish again invisibly,
 And bodies gain again their visibility.

XVIII.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
 Is but thy several liveries,
 Thou the rich dye on them bestowest.
 Thy nimble pencil paints this landkip as thou goest.

XIX.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st ;
 A crown of studded gold thou bear'st ,
 The virgin lilies, in their white,
 Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

XX.

The violet, spring's little infant, stands
 Girt in thy purple swadling-bands :
 On the fair tulip thou dost doat ;
 Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.

XXI.

With flame condens'd thou dost the jewels fix,
 And solid colours in it mix :
 Flora herself invies to see
 Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

XXII.

Ah, goddes ! would thou could'st thy hand with-hold,
 And be less liberal to gold ;
 Did'st thou less value to it give,
 Of how much care (alas !) might'st thou poor man re-
 lieve !

XXIII.

To me, the sun is more delightful far,
 And all fair days much fairer are.
 But few, ah ! wondrous few there be,
 Who do not gold prefer, O goddes ! ev'n to thee.

XXIV.

Through the soft ways of heav'n, and air, and sea,
 Which open all their pores to thee ;
 Like a clear river thou dost glide,
 And with thy living stream through the close channels
 slide.

XXV.

But, where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
 Gently thy source the land o'erflows ;
 Takes there possession, and does make,
 Of colours mingled, light, a thick and standing lake.

XXVI.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day
 In th' empyrean heaven does stay.
 Thy rivers, lakes, and springs below
 From thence took first their rise, thither at last must
 flow.

XX.

TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

I.

PHILosophy, the great and only heir
 Of all that human knowledge, which has been
 Unforfeited by man's rebellious sin,
 Though full of years he do appear,
 (Philosophy, I say, and call it He,
 For, whatsoe'er the painter's fancy be,
 It a male-virtue seems to me)
 Has still been kept in nonage till of late,
 Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast estate :
 Three or four thousand years, one would have thought,
 To ripeness and perfection might have brought
 A science so well bred and nurs'd,
 And of such hopeful parts too at the first.
 But, Oh ! the guardians and the tutors then,
 (Some negligent, and some ambitious men)
 Would ne'er consent to set him free,

Or his own natural powers to let him see,
Lest that should put an end to their authority.

II.

That his own business he might quite forget,
They' amus'd him with the sports of wanton wit,
With the deserts of poetry they fed him,
Instead of solid meats t' increase his force;
Instead of vigorous exercise they led him
Into the pleasant labyrinths of ever-fresh discourse.

Instead of carrying him to see
The riches which do hoarded for him lie

In nature's endless treasury,
They chose his eye to entertain
(His curious, but not covetous eye)

With painted scenes, and pageants of the brain.
Some few exalted spirits this latter age has shewn,
That labour'd to assert the liberty
(From guardians, who were now usurpers grown)
Of this old minor still, captiv'd philosophy;

But 'twas rebellion call'd, to fight
For such a long-oppressed right.

Bacon, at last, a mighty man, arose,
Whom a wise king and nature chose
Lord Chancellor of both their laws,
And boldly undertook the injur'd pupil's cause.

III.

Authority, which did a body boast,
Though 'twas but air condens'd and stalk'd about,
Like some old giant's more gigantic ghost,
To terrify the learned rout,
With the plain magic of true reason's light,
He chac'd out of our sight,

Nor suffer'd living men to be misled
 By the vain shadows of the dead : [fled ;
 To graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd phantom
 [a] * * *

IV.

From words, which are but pictures of the thought,
 (Though we our thoughts from them perversely drew)
 To things, the mind's right object, he it brought :
 Like foolish birds, to painted grapes we flew ;
 He sought, and gather'd for our use, the true ;
 And, when on heaps the chosen bunches lay,
 He press'd them wisely, the mechanic way,
 Till all their juice did in one vessel join,
 Ferment into a nourishment divine,
 The thirsty soul's refreshing wine.

Who to the life an exact piece would make,
 Must not from others work a copy take ;

No, not from Rubens or Vandike ;
 Much less content himself to make it like
 Th' ideas and the images, which lie
 In his own fancy, or his memory.

No, he before his sight must place
 The natural and living face ;
 The real object must command
 Each judgement of his eye, and motion of his hand.

V.

From these, and all long errors of the way,
 In which our wandering predecessors went,
 And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did stray
 In deserts but of small extent,
 Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last,
 The barren wilderness he past,

[a] The rest of this stanza is left out.

Did on the very border stand
Of the blest promis'd land,
And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and shew'd us it.
But life did never to one man allow
Time to discover worlds, and conquer too ;
Nor can so short a line sufficient be
To fathom the vast depths of nature's sea.

The work he did, we ought t'admire,
And were unjust, if we should more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' excess
Of low affliction, and high happiness.
For who on things remote can fix his sight,
That's always in a triumph, or a fight ?

VI.

From you, great champions, we expect to get
These spacious countries, but discover'd yet ;
Countries, where yet, instead of nature, we
Her images and idols worshipp'd see :
These large and wealthy regions to subdue,
Though learning has whole armies at command,
Quarter'd about in every land,
A better troop she ne'er together drew.

Methinks, like Gideon's little band,
God wit h design has pick'd out you,
To do these noble wonders by a few :
When the whole host he saw, they are (said he)
Too many t'o'ercome for me ;
And now he chuses out his men,
Much in the way that he did then :
Not those many, whom he found
Idly extended on the ground,

To drink with their dejected head
 The stream, just so as by their mouths it fled :
 No, but those few, who took the waters up,
 And made of their laborious hands the cup.

VII.

Thus you prepar'd ; and in the glorious sight
 Their wondrous pattern too you take :
 Their old and empty pitchers first they brake,
 And with their hands then lifted up the light.
 Io ! found too the trumpets here !
 Already your victorious lights appear ;
 New scenes of heav'n already we espy,
 And crowds of golden worlds on high ;
 Which, from the spacious plains of earth and sea,
 Could never yet discover'd be
 By sailors or Chaldæans watchful eye.
 Nature's great works no distance can obscure,
 No smallness her near objects can secure ;
 Ye have taught the curious sight to press
 Into the privatest recess
 Of her imperceptible littleness.
 Ye have learn'd to read her smallest hand,
 And well begun her deepest sense to understand.

VIII.

Mischief and true dishonour fall on those,
 Who would to laughter or to scorn expose
 So virtuous and so noble a design,
 So human for its use, for knowledge so divine.
 The things, which these proud men despise, and call
 Impertinent, and vain, and small,
 Those smallest things of nature let me know,
 Rather than all their greatest actions do.

Whoever would depos'd truth advance
Into the throne usurp'd from it,
Must feel at first the blows of ignorance,
And the sharp points of envious wit.
So when, by various turns of the celestial dance,
In many thousand years
A star, so long unknown, appears,
Though heav'n itself more beauteous by it grow,
It troubles and alarms the world below,
Does to the wise a star, to fools a meteor, show.

IX.

With courage and success you the bold work begin ;
Your craddle has not idle been :
None e'er, but Hercules and you, could be
At five years age worthy a history.
And ne'er did fortune better yet
Th' historian to the story fit :
As you from all old errors free
And purge the body of philosophy ;
So from all modern follies he
Has vindicated eloquence and wit.
His candid style, like a clean stream, does slide,
And his bright fancy all the way
Does like the sun-shine in it play ;
It does, like Thames, the best of rivers, glide,
Where the god does not rudely overturn,
But gently pour, the crystal urn,
And with judicious hand does the whole current guide.
T has all the beauties nature can impart,
And all the comely dress, without the paint of art.

T H E E N D.

9 MR 53

S E L E C T

O E M S,

Written by the Honourable

Sir J O H N D E N H A M,

KNIGHT of the BATH.



E D I N B U R G H:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
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P O E M S

U P O N

S E V E R A L O C C A S I O N S .

C O O P E R ' s H I L L .

SURE there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the muses and their train resort,
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I flie,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye :
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place

Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That, whether 'tis a part of earth or sky,
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud,
PAUL's, the late theme of such a Muse whose flight
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy heighth :
Now shalt thou stand, tho' sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
Under his proud survey the city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise ;
Whose state and wealth, the busines and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud :
And is to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems ;
Where, with like haste, tho' sev'ral ways, they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone ;
While luxury, and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin, and encrease :
As rivers lost in seas some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh happiness of sweet retir'd content !
To be at once secure, and innocent.
Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes :
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a reverence from the sight.

Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sate meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which, a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.
When nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser pow'r than chance;
Mark'd out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
T' envite the builder, and his choise prevent.
Nor can we call it choise, when what we chuse,
Folly or blindness only cou'd refuse.
A crown of such majestick tow'rs doth grace
The gods great mother, when her heav'ly race
Do homage to her, yet she cannot boast
Among that num'rous, and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanaæt, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish Knute,
(Tho' this of old no less contest did move,
Than when for Homer's birth sev'n cities strove)
(Like him in birth, thou shouldest be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whosoe'er it was, nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those sev'ral kings to whom
It gave a craddle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great * Edward, and thy greater son,
(The lilies which his father wore, he won)

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

And thy † Bellona, who the consort came
 Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame,
 She to thy triumph led one captive * king,
 And brought that son, which did the second bring.
 Then didst thou found that order (whether love
 Or victory thy royal thoughts did move)
 Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
 Than the design, has been the great success :
 Which foreign kings, and emperors esteem
 The second honour to their diadem.
 Had thy great destiny but giv'n thee skill
 'To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
 That from those kings, who then thy captives were,
 In after times should spring a royal pair
 Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
 Or thy desires more mighty, did devour :
 To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
 The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear ;
 That blood, which thou and thy great grandsire shed,
 And all that since these sister-nations bled,
 Had been unsplitt, and happy Edward known
 That all the blood he spilt, had been his own.
 When he that patron chose, in whom are join'd
 Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
 Within the azure circle, he did seem
 But to foretell, and prophesy of him,
 Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
 Which nature for their bound at first design'd.
 That bound, which to the world's extremest ends,
 Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.

† Queen Phillipa.

* The kings of France and Scotland.

Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fix'd thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abby fell; (may no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform.)
Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offence,
What crime could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury, or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes? They were his own much more:
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,
Who having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name.
No crime so bold, but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good:
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And free from conscience, is a slave to fame:
Thus he the church at once protects, and spoils:
But princes swords are sharper than their styles.
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty, airy contemplations dwell;
And like the block, unmoved lay: But ours,
As much too active, like the stork, devours.
Is there no temp'rate region can be known,
Betwixt their frigid, and our torrid zone?

Cou'd we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme ?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture ?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance ?
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to err by day ?
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land ?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king ;
When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs,
What does he think our sacrilege wou'd spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are ?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays ;
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs ;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Tho' with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold ;
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom but survey his shore ;
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring.
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay.

Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil :
But god-like his unwearied bounty flows ;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free, and common, as the sea or wind ;
When he to boast or to disperse his stores
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours ;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in desarts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme !
Tho' deep, yet clear ; tho' gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong without rage, without o'er-flowing full.
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current's lost ;
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the * stars, and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself, with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise maker's, than beholder's sight.
Tho' these delights from several causes move ;
For so our children, thus our friends we love)

* The Forest.

Wisely she knew, the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord, which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty through the universe ;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists.
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd * youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds ; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes ; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows ;
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat :
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd ;
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives :
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest indears.
This scene had some bold Greek, or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satires, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames ?

* Narcissus.

'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd,
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great master-piece; to shew how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone,
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken, and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chace by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour :
Pleasure with praise, and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where no man's eye, nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose ; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound :
Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had giv'n this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood believ'd ;
All instruments, all arts of ruin met ;
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head ;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet :
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ears the cry :

Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense ;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent,
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks : The herd, unkindly wife,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies,
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends pity, and pursuers scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts, and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs, and his loves ;
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own ;
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge, and his clashing beam.
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife ;
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now too late he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight :
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd :

He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage, than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desperate to aslay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst; alas! they thirst for blood.
So tow'rs a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag, among th' enraged hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad, to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent, and happy chase,
Than when of old, but in the self same place,
Fair liberty pursu'd*, and meant a prey
To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at bay.

Runny Mead, where the Magna Charta was first sealed.

When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that charter seal'd, wherin the crown
All marks of arbitrary pow'r lays down :
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear
The happier stile of king and subject bear :
Happy, when both to the same center move,
When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this charter stood ;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took, the more to crave :
Till kings by giving, give themselves away,
And e'en that pow'r, that should deny, betray.
“ Who giyes constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
“ Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but
spoils.

Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects, by oppression, bold :
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes ; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure.
But, if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new, or narrow course ;
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First to a torrent, then a deluge swells :
Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars,
And knows no bounds, but makes his pow'r his shores.

O N T H E
EARL O F S T R A F F O R D ' s
T R Y A L and D E A T H .

G REAT Strafford ! worthy of that name, tho' all
G Of thee could be forgotten, but thy fall,
Crush'd by imaginary treason's weight,
Which too much merit did accumulate :
As chymists gold from brafs by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into treason forg'd by law.
His wisdom such, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms wonder, and three kingdoms fear;
Whilst single he stood forth, and seem'd, although
Each had an army, as an equal foe.
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that spake ;
Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
And none was more a looker-on than he ;
So did he move our passions, some were known
To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity strove with public hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate :
Now they could him, if he could them forgive ;
He's not too guilty, but too wise to live ;
Less seem those facts which treason's nick-name bore,
Than such a fear'd ability for more.
They after death their fears of him express,
His innocence, and their own guilt confess.

Their legislative frenzy they repent :
 Enacting it should make no precedent.
 This fate he could have 'scap'd, but would not lose
 Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
 Death from their fears, than safety from his own,
 That his last action all the rest might crown.

On Mr THO. KILLIGREW's return from
 Venice, and Mr WILLIAM MURRAY
 From Scotland.

O UR resident Tom,
 From Venice is come,
 And hath left the statesman behind him :
 Talks at the same pitch,
 Is as wife, is as rich,
 And just where you left him, you find him.

But who says he was not
 A man of much plot,
 May repent that false accusation ;
 Having plotted and penn'd
 Six plays, to attend
 The farce of his negotiation.

Before you were told
 How Satan * the old
 Came here with a beard to his middle;
 Though he chang'd face and name,

* Mr W. Murray.

Old Will was the same,
At the noise of a can and a fiddle.

These statesmen, you believe,
Send Strait for the sheriff,
Or he is one too, or would be ;
But he drinks no wine,
Which is a shrewd sign
That all's not so well as it should be.

These three, when they drink,
How little do they think
Of banishment, debts, or dying ?
Not old with their years,
Nor cold with their fears ;
But their angry stars still defying.

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor sobriety sad ;
But of that they are seldom in danger ;
At Paris, at Rome,
At the Hague, they're at home ;
The good fellow is no where a stranger.

SARPEDON'S SPEECH TO GLAUCUS, IN
THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER.

T H U S to Glaucus spake
Divine Sarpedon, since he did not find
Others as great in place, as great in mind.
Above the rest why is our pomp, our pow'r ?

Our flocks, our herds, and our possessions more ?
Why all the tributes land and sea affords
Heap'd in great chargers, load our sumptuous boards ?
Our cheerful guests carouse the sparkling tears
Of the rich grape, whilst music charms their ears.
Why as we pass, do those on Xanthus shore,
As gods beholds us, and as gods adore ?
But that as well in danger, as degree,
We stand the first ; that when our Lycians see
Our brave examples, they admiring say,
Behold our gallant leaders ! these are they
Deserve the greatness ; and unenvy'd stand :
Since what they act, transcends what they com mand.
Could the declining of this fate (oh friend)
Our date to immortality extend ?
Or if death sought not them, who seek not death,
Would I advance ? or should my vainer breath
With such a glorious folly thee inspire ?
But since with fortune nature doth conspire,
Since age, disease, or some less noble end,
Though not less certain, doth our days attend ;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead
A thousand ways, the noblest path we'll tread ;
And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,
A common sacrifice to honour fall.

FRIENDSHIP AND SINGLE LIFE,

A G A I N S T

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

L O V E ! in what poison is thy dart
Dipt, when it makes a bleeding heart ?
None know, but they who feel the smart.

It is not thou, but we are blind,
And our corporeal eyes (we find)
Dazzle the opticks of our mind.

Love to our citadel resorts,
Through those deceitful sally-ports,
Our sentinels betray our forts.

What subtile witchcraft man constrains,
To change his pleasure into pains,
And all his freedom into chains ?

May not a prison, or a grave,
Like wedlock, honour's title have ?
That word makes free-born man a slave.

How happy he that loves not, lives !
Him neither hope nor fear deceives,
To fortune who no hostage gives.

How unconcern'd in things to come !
If here uneasy ; finds at Rome,
At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

Secure from low and private ends,
His life, his zeal, his wealth attends
His prince, his country, and his friends.

Danger and honour are his joy ;
But a fond wife, or wanton boy,
May all those generous thoughts destroy.

Then he lays by the public care,
Thinks of providing for an heir ;
Learns how to get, and how to spare.

Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight,

Though still his foes in number grew,
Thicker their darts and arrows flew,
Yet left alone, no fear he knew.

But death in all her forms appears,
From ev'ry thing he sees and hears,
For whom he leads, and whom he * bears.

Love making all thing else his foes,

* His father and son.

Like a fierce torrent, overflows
Whatever doth his course oppose.

This was the cause the poets sung,
Thy mother from the sea was sprung;
But they were mad to make thee young.

Her father, not her son, art thou :
From our desires our actions grow ;
And from the cause th' effect must flow.

Love is as old as place or time;
'Twas he the fatal tree did climb,
Grandsire of father Adam's crime.

Well may'st thou keep this world in awe ;
Religion, wisdom, honour, law,
The tyrant in his triumph draw.

'Tis he commands the pow'rs above ;
Phœbus resigns his darts, and Jove
His thunder, to the God of Love.

To him doth his feign'd mother yield ;
Nor Mars (her champion's) flaming shield
Guards him, when Cupid takes the field.

He clips Hope's wings, whose airy bliss
Much higher than fruition is ;
But less than nothing, if it miss.

When matches Love alone projects,
The cause transcending the effects,
That wild-fire's quencht in cold neglects.

Whilst those conjunctions prove the best,
Where Love's of blindness dispossess,
By perspectives of interest.

Though Solomon with a thousand wives,
To get a wise successor strives,
But one (and he a fool) survives.

Old Rome of children took no care,
They with their friends their beds did share.
Secure t' adopt a hopeful heir.

Love, drowsy days and stormy nights
Makes ; and breaks friendship, whose delights
Feed, but not glut our appetites.

Well chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

But when th' unlucky knot we tye,
Care, av'rice, fear, and jealousy
Make friendship languish till it dye.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themselves forbear.

Yet timorous deer, and harmless sheep,
When love into their veins doth creep,
That law of nature cease to keep.

Who then can blame the am'rous boy,
Who the fair Helen to enjoy
To quench his own, set fire on Troy ?

Such is the world's preposterous fate,
Amongst all creatures, mortal hate
Love (though immortal) doth create.

But love may beasts excuse, for they
Their actions not by reason sway,
But their brute appetites obey.

But man's that savage beast, whose mind
From reason to self-love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his kind.

On Mr ABRAHAM COWLEY his Death and Burial amongst the ANCIENT POETS.

O LD Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far ;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark nation long involv'd :
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spencer rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshews ;

The other three, with his own fires,
Phœbus, the poets god, inspires ;
By Shakespear's, Johnson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's out-shines :
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They liv'd to see so many days,
'Till time had blasted all their bays :
But cursed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flow'r
That in the muses garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw.
Time which made them their fame out-live,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakespear and Fletcher all they have ;
In Spencer, and in Johnson, art
Of flower nature got the start ;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share ;
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own ;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor with Ben Johnson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets, and of orators :
Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
He did not steal, but emulate !
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their cloaths, did wear :
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason, brought the golden fleece ;

To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff gale (as Flaccus † sings)
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through th' aetherial clouds he flies,
To the same pitch our fwan doth rise ;
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd ;
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much,
His severe judgment (giving law)
His modest fancy kept in awe :
As rigid husbands jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair.
His English streams so pure did flow,
As all that saw and tasted know.
But for his Latin vein, so clear,
Strong, * full, and high it doth appear,
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him, for his judge, he would not fear ;
Of that great potraiture, so true
A copy pencil never drew.
My Muse her song had ended here,
But both their Genii strait appear,
Joy and amazement her did strike,
Two twins she never saw so like.
'Twas taught by wise Pythagoras,
One soul might through more bodies pass.
Seeing such transmigration there,

† His Pindaries.

* His last works.

She thought it not a fable here.
Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts ;
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
And shew the world this parallel :
Fix'd and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over Nature's books :
Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine ;
They gilding dirt, in noble verse
Rustic philosophy rehearse.
When heroes, gods, or god-like kings,
They praise, on their exalted wings
To the celestial orbs they climb,
And with th'harmonious spheres keep time :
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their word, but with like candour shin'd ;
Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of these they feign'd, excels their own.
Both by two generous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd.
Yet having each the same desire,
Both from the busy throng retire.
Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind :
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their off-spring hath no pow'r,
Nor fire, nor fate their bays shall blast,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

A S P E E C H against P E A C E at the
C L O S E C O M M I T T E E .

To the Tune of, *I went from England.*

B U T will you now to peace incline,
And languish in the main design,
And leave us in the lurch ?

I would not monarchy destroy,
But as the only way t' enjoy
The ruin of the church.

Is not the bishops bill deny'd,
And we still threaten'd to be try'd ?

You see the king embraces
Those counsels he approv'd before :
Nor doth he promise, which is more,
That we shall have thair places.

Did I for this bring in the Scot ?
(For 'tis no secret now) the plot
Was Saye's and mine together ;
Did I for this return again,
And spend a winter there in vain,
Once more t' invite them hither ?

Though more our money than our cause
Their brotherly assistance draws,
My labour was not lost.

At my return I brought you thence
Necessity, their strong pretence,
And these shall quit the cost.

Did I for this my country bring
To help their knight against their king,
And raise the first sedition ?
Though I the business did decline,
Yet I contriv'd the whole design,
And sent them their petition.

So many nights spent in the city
In that invisible committee,
The wheel that governs all.
From thence the change in church and state,
And all the mischief bears the date
From Haberdashers Hall.

Did we force Ireland to despair,
Upon the king to cast the war,
To make the world abhor him,
Because the rebels us'd his name ?
Though we ourselves can do the same,
While both alike were for him.

Then the same fire we kindled here
With what was given to quench it there,
And wisely lost that nation :
To do as crafty beggars use,
To maim themselves, thereby t' abuse
The simple man's compassion.

Have I so often past between
Windsor and Westminster, unseen,
And did myself divide :
To keep his excellence in awe,
And give the parliament the law ?
For they knew none beside.

Did I for this take pains to teach
Our zealous ignorants to preach,
And did their lungs inspire ;
Gave them their texts, shew'd them their parts,
And taught them all their little arts,
To fling abroad the fire ?

Sometimes to beg, sometimes to threaten,
And say the cavaliers are beaten,
To stroke the people's ears ;
Then straight when victory grows cheap,
And will no more advance the heap,
To raise the price of fears.

And now the books, and now the bells,
And now our act the preacher tells,
To edify the people ;
All our divinity is news,
And we have made of equal use
The pulpit and the steeple.

And shall we kindle all this flame
Only to put it out again,
And must we now give o'er,

And only end where we begun ?
In vain this mischief we have done,
If we can do no more.

If men in peace can have their right,
Where's the necessity to fight,
That breaks both law, and oath ?
They'll say they fight not for the cause,
Nor to defend the king and laws,
But us against them both.

Either the cause at first was ill,
Or being good, it is so still ;
And thence they will infer,
That either now or at the first
They were deceiv'd; or, which is worst,
That we ourselves may err.

But plague and famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,
And cannot go asunder :
But while the wicked starve, indeed
The saints have ready at their need
God's providence, and plunder.

Princes we are, if we prevail,
And gallant villains, if we fail :
When to our fame 'tis told,
It will not be our least of praise,
Since a new state we could not raise,
To have destroy'd the old.

Then let us stay and fight, and vote,
Till London is not worth a groat;
 Oh 'tis a patient beast !
When we have gaul'd and tir'd the mule,
And can no longer have the rule,
 We'll have the spoil at least.

To the FIVE MEMBERS of the Honourable
HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The HUMBLE PETITION of the POETS.

AFTER so many concurring petitions
From all ages and sexes, and all conditions,
We come in the rear to present our follies
To Pym, Stroude, Haflerig, H. and H.
Though set form of prayer be an abomination,
Set forms of petitions find great approbation ;
Therefore, as others from the bottom of their souls,
So we from the depth and bottom of our bowls,
According unto the blefs'd form you have taught us,
We thank you first for the ills you have brought us :
For the good we receive we thank him that gave it,
And you for the confidence only to crave it.
Next, in course, we complain of the great violation
Of privilege (like the rest of our nation)
But 'tis none of yours of which we have spoken,
Which never had being until they were broken ;
But ours is a privilege antient and native,

Hangs not on an ordinance, or power legislative.
And first, 'tis to speak whatever we please,
Without fear of a prison or pursuivants fees.
Next, that we only may lye by authority;
But in that also you have got the priority.
Next, an old custom, our fathers did name it
Poetical licence, and always did claim it.
By this we have power to change age into youth,
Turn nonsense to sense, and falsehood to truth ;
In brief, to make good whatsoever is faulty ;
This art some poet, or the devil has taught ye :
And this our property you have invaded,
And a privilege of both houses have made it.
But that trust above all in poets repos'd,
That kings by them only are made and depos'd,
This though you cannot do, yet you are willing :
But when we undertake deposing or killing,
They're tyrants and monsters ; and yet then the poet
Takes full revenge on the villains that do it :
And when we resume a scepter or crown,
We are modest, and seek not to make it our own.
But is't not presumption to write verfes to you,
Who make better poems by far of the two ?
For all those pretty knacks you compose,
Alas ! what are they but poems in prose ?
And between those and ours there's no difference,
But that yours want the rhyme, the wit, and the sense :
But for lying (the most noble part of a poet)
You have it abundantly, and yourselves know it ;
And though you are modest and seem to abhor it,
'Thas done you good service, and thank hell for it :
Although the old maxim remains still in force,

That a sanctify'd cause must have a sanctify'd course,
If poverty be a part of our trade,
So far the whole kingdom poets you have made,
Nay even so far as undoing will do it,
You have made king Charles himself a poet :
But provoke not his Muse, for all the world knows,
Already you have had too much of his prose.

A

W E S T E R N W O N D E R.

DO you not know, not a fortnight ago,
How they bragg'd of a Western Wonder ?
When a hundred and ten flew five thousand men,
With the help of lightning and thunder ?

There Hopton was slain again and again,
Or else my author did lye ;
With a new Thanksgiving, for the dead who are living,
To God, and his servant Chidleigh.

But now on which side was this miracle try'd,
I hope we at last are even ;
For Sir Ralph and his knaves are risen from their graves,
To cudgel the clowns of Devon.

And there Stamford came, for his honour was lame
Of the gout three months together ;
But it prov'd, when they fought, but a running gout,
For his heels were lighter than ever.

For now he out-runs his arms and his guns,
And leaves all his money behind him ;
But they follow after ; unless he take water,
At Plymouth again they will find him.

What Reading hath cost, and Stamford hath lost,
Goes deep in the sequestrations ;
These wounds will not heal, with your new great seal,
Nor Jepson's declarations.

Now, Peters, and Cafe, in your prayer and grace
Remember the new Thanksgiving ;
Isaac and wife, now dig for your life,
Or shortly you'll dig for your living.

A

SECOND WESTERN WONDER.

Y O U heard of that Wonder, of the Lightning and
Thunder,
Which made the lye so much the louder :
Now list to another, that miracle's brother,
Which was done with a firkin of Powder.

Oh what a damp it struck through the camp !
But as for honest Sir Ralph,
It blew him to the Vies, without beard, or eyes,
But at least three heads and a half.

When out came the book, which the News-monger took
From the Preaching Ladies letter,

Where in the first place, stood the conqueror's face,
Which made it shew much the better.

But now without lying, you may paint him flying,
At Bristol they say you may find him,
Great William the Con, so fast he did run,
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the post, save all that was lost,
But alas, we are past deceiving
By a trick so stale, or else such a tale
Might amount to a new Thanksgiving.

This made Mr Case, with a pitiful face,
In the pulpit to fall a weeping,
Though his mouth utter'd lies, truth fell from his eyes
Which kept the Lord Mayor from sleeping.

Now shut up shops, and spend your last drops,
For the laws not your cause, you that loath 'em,
Lest Essex should start, and play the second part
Of worshipful Sir John Hotham.

A S O N G,

MORPHEUS, the humble God, that dwells
In cottages and smoaky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down ;
And though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou pow'ful God,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipt in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep, and never wake.

Nature (alas) why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe ?
Sleep that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

ON

Mr JOHN FLETCHER's Works.

SO shall we joy, when all whom beasts and worms
Have turn'd to their own substances and forms :
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
We shall behold more than at first entire ;
As now we do, to see all thine thy own
In this thy Muse's resurrection,
Whose scatter'd parts from thy own race, more wounds
Hath suffer'd, than Acteon from his hounds ;
Which first their brains, and then their belly fed,
And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy Muse enraged, from her urn
Like ghosts of murder'd bodies does return
T' accuse the murderers, to right the stage,
And undeceive the long abused age,

Which casts thy praise on them, to whom thy wit
Gives no more gold than they give dross to it :
Who not content like felons to purloin,
Add treason to it, and debase the coin.
But whether am I straid ? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other mens dispraise ;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
Of eastern kings, who to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.
Then was wit's empire at the fatal height,
When labouring and sinking with its weight,
From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung,
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome ?
When Johnson, Shakespear, and thyself did sit,
And sway'd in the triumvirate of wit-----
Yet what from Johnson's oil and sweat did flow,
Or what more easy nature did bestow
On Shakespear's gentler muse, in thee full grown
Their graces both appear, yet so that none
Can say here Nature ends, and Art begins,
But mix'd like th' elements, and born like twins,
So interwove, so like, so much the same,
None, this meer Nature, that meer Art can name :
'Twas this the ancients meant : Nature and skill
Are the two tops of their Parnassius' hill.

T O

Sir RICHARD FANSHAW,

Upon his Translation of

PASTOR FIDO.

SUCH is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few but such as cannot write, translate.
But what in them is want of art or voice,
In thee is either modesty or choice.
While this great piece, restor'd by thee, doth stand
Free from the blemish of an artless hand.
Secure of fame, thou justly dost esteem
Less honour to create, than to redeem.
Nor ought a genius less than his that writ,
Attempt translation ; for transplanted wit,
All the defects of air and soil doth share,
And colder brains like colder climates are :
In vain they toil, since nothing can beget
A vital spirit but a vital heat.
That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains ;
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue
To make translations and translators too.

They but preservc the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.
Fording his current, where thou find'st it low,
Let'st in thine own to make it rise and flow ;
Wisely restoring whatsoever grace
It lost by change of times, or tongues, or place.
Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,
Betray'st his music to unhappy rhimes.
Nor are the nerves of his compacted strength
Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unsnew'd length :
Yet after all, (lest we should think it thine),
Thy spirit to his circle dost confine.
New names, new dressings, and the modern cast,
Some scenes, some persons alter'd, and outfac'd
The world, it were thy work ; for we have known
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was leis their owa.
That master's hand which to the life can trace
The airs, the lines, and features of the face,
May with a free and bolder stroke expreis
A vary'd posture, or a flatt'ring dres ;
He could have made those like, who made the rest,
But that he knew his own design was best.

P R E F A C E

T O T H E

PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

*M^r early mistress, now my antient muse,
That strong Circæan liquor cease t' infuse,
Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth,
Now stoop with disenchanted wings to truth ;
As the doves flight did guide Æneas, now
May thine conduct me to the golden bough ;
Tell (like a tall old oak) how learning shoots
To heav'n her branches, and to hell her roots.*

T H E
P R O G R E S S o f L E A R N I N G .

WHEN God from earth form'd Adam in the east,
He his own image on the clay imprest ;
As subjects then the whole creation came,
And from their natures Adam them did name,
Not from experience, (for the world was new),
He only from their cause their natures knew.
Had memory been lost with innocence,
We had not known the sentence nor th' offence ;
'Twas his chief punishment to keep in store
The sad remembrance what he was before ;
And though th' offending part felt mortal pain,
Th' immortal part its knowledge did retain.
After the flood, arts to Chaldæa fell,
The father of the faithful there did dwell,
Who both their parent and instructor was ;
From thence did learning into Ægypt pass ;
Moses in all th' Ægyptian arts was skill'd,
When heav'nly pow'r that chosen vessel fill'd ;
And we to his high inspiration owe,
That what was done before the flood, we know.
From Ægypt, arts their progres made to Greece,
Wrapt in the fable of the golden fleece.
Musæus first, then Orpheus civilize
Mankind, and gave the world their deities ;
To many gods they taught devotion,
Which were the distinct faculties of one ;

'Th' eternal cause, in their immortal lines
Was taught, and poets were the first divines ;
God Moses first, then David did inspire,
To compose anthems for his heav'nly quire ;
To th' one the style of friend he did impart,
On th' other stamp the likeness of his heart :
And Moses, in the old original,
Ev'n God the Poet of the world doth call.
Next those old Greeks, Pythagoras did rise,
Then Socrates, whom th' oracle call'd wise ;
The divine Plato moral virtue shows,
Then his disciple Aristotle rose,
Who nature's secrets to the world did teach,
Yet that great soul our novelists impeach ;
Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds.
While sects, like locusts, did destroy the seeds ;
The tree of knowledge blasted by disputes,
Produces sapless leaves instead of fruits ;
Proud Greece, all nations else barbarians held,
Boasting her learning all the world excell'd.
Flying from thence *, to Italy it came,
And to the realm of Naples gave the name,
Till both their nation and their arts did come
A welcome trophy to triumphant Rome ;
Then whereso'er her conqu'ring eagles fled,
Arts, learning, and civility were spread ;
And as in this, our microcosm, the heart
Heat, spirit, motion gives to ev'ry part ;
So Rome's victorious influence did disperse
All her own virtues through the universe.

* Graecia Major.

Here some digression I must make, t' accuse
 Thee, my forgetful, and ingrateful Muse :
 Couldst thou from Greece to Latium take thy flight,
 And not to thy great ancestor do right ?
 I can no more believe old Homer blind,
 Than those, who say the sun hath never shin'd ;
 The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
 Could not want sight, who taught the world to see :
 They who Minerva from Jove's head derive,
 Might make old Homer's skull the Muse's hive ;
 And from his brain, that Helicon distil,
 Whose racy liquor did his offspring fill.
 Nor old Anacreon, Hesiod, Theocrite,
 Must we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight.
 Old Homer's soul, at last from Greece retir'd,
 In Italy the Mantuan swain inspir'd.
 When great Augustus made war's tempests cease,
 His halcyon days brought forth the arts of peace ;
 He still in his triumphant chariot shines,
 By Horace drawn, and Virgil's mighty lines.
 'Twas certainly mysterious that the name
 Of prophets and of poets is the same * ;
 What the tragedian † wrote, the late success
 Declares was inspiration, and not guess :
 As dark a truth that author did unfold,
 As oracles, or prophets ere foretold :
 " At last the ocean shall unlock the ‡ bound
 " Of things, and a new world by Tiphys found,
 " Then ages far remote shall understand
 " The isle of Thule is not the farthest land."

* Vates. † Seneca. ‡ The Prophecy.

Sure God, by these discov'ries, did design
That his clear light thro' all the world should shine ;
But the obstruction from that discord springs
The prince of darkness made 'twixt Christian kings ;
That peaceful age with happiness to crown,
From heav'n the Prince of peace himself came down,
Then the true son of knowledge first appear'd,
And the old dark mysterious clouds were clear'd,
The heavy cause of th' old accursed flood
Sunk in the sacred deluge of his blood.
His passion, man from his first fall redeem'd ;
Once more to l'araçife restor'd we seem'd ;
Satan himself was bound, till th' iron chain
Our pride did break, and let him loose again.
Still the old sting remain'd, and man began
To tempt the serpent, as he tempted man :
Then hell sends forth her furies, Avarice, Pride,
Fraud, Discord, Force, Hypocrify, their guide ;
Though the foundation on a rock were laid,
The church was undermin'd, and then betray'd ;
Though the apostles these events foretold,
Yet e'en the shepherd did devour the fold :
The fisher to convert the world began,
The pride convincing of vain-glorious man ;
But soon his followers grew a sov'reign lord,
And Peter's keys exchang'd for Peter's sword,
Which still maintains for his adopted son
Vast patrimonies, though himself had none ;
Wresting the text to the old giant's sense,
That heav'n, once more, must suffer violence.
Then subtle doctors, scriptures made their prize,
Casuists, like cocks, struck out each other's eyes ;

Then dark distinctions reason's light disguis'd,
And into atoms truth anatomiz'd.
Then Mahomet's crescent by our feuds increas'd,
Blasted the learn'd remainder of the east :
That project, when from Greece to Rome it came,
Made mother Ignorance Devotion's dame ;
Then, he whom Lucifer's own pride did swell,
His faithful emissary, rose from hell
To possess Peter's chair, that Hildebrand
Whose foot on mitres, then on crowns did stand,
And before that exalted idol, all
(Whom we call gods on earth) did prostrate fall.
Then darkness Europe's face did over-spread,
From lazy cells where superstition bred,
Which, link'd with blind obedience, so increas'd,
That the whole world, some ages, they oppres'd
Till thro' these clouds the son of knowledge brake,
And Europe from her lethargy did wake :
Then first our monarchs were acknowledg'd here,
That they their churches nursing fathers were.
When Lucifer no longer could advance
His works on the false ground of ignorance,
New arts he tries, and new designs he lays,
Then his well-study'd master-piece he plays ;
Loyola, Luther, Calvin, he inspires,
And kindles, with infernal flames, their fires,
Sends the forerunner (conscious of th' event)
Printing, his most pernicious instrument !
Wild controversy then, which long had slept,
Into the press from ruin'd cloisters leapt ;
No longer by implicit faith we err,
Whilst ev'ry man's his own interpreter ;

No more conducted now by Aaron's rod,
Lay-elders, from their ends create their God.
But seven wise men the antient world did know,
We scarce know seven, who think themselves not so.
When man learn'd undefil'd religion,
We were commanded to be all as one;
Fiery disputes that union have calcin'd,
Almost as many minds as men we find,
And when that flame finds combustible earth,
Thence fatius fires, and meteors take their birth,
Legions ofsects, and insects come in throngs;
To name them all would tire a hundred tongues.
So were the centaurs of Ixion's race,
Who a bright cloud for Juno did embrace;
And such the monsters of Chimaera's kind,
Lions before, and dragons were behind.
Then from the clashes between popes and kings,
Debate, like sparks from flints collision, springs:
As Jove's loud thunder-bolts were forg'd by heat,
The like, our cyclops on their anvils beat;
All the rich mines of learning ranfack'd are,
To furnish ammunition for this war:
Uncharitable zeal our reason whets,
And double edges on our passion sets;
'Tis the most certain sign, the world's accurst,
That the best things corrupted, are the worst;
'Twas the corrupted light of knowledge, hurl'd
Sin, death, and ignorance o'er-all the world;
That sun like this, (from which our sight we have)
Gaz'd on too long, resumes the light he gave;
And when thick mists of doubts obscure his beams,
Our guide is error, and our visions, dreams;

'Twas no false heraldry, when Madnes drew
Her pedigree from those who too much knew ;
Who in deep mines, for hidden knowledge toils,
Like guns o'er-charg'd, breaks, misses, or recoils ;
When subtle wits have spun their thread too fine,
'Tis weak and fragile like Arachne's line :
True piety, without cessation tost
By theories, the practic part is lost,
And like a ball bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,
Rather than yield, both sides the prize will quit :
Then whilst his foe each gladiator foils,
The atheist looking on, enjoys the spoils.
Through seas of knowledge we our course advance,
Discov'ring still new worlds of ignorance ;
And these discov'ries make us all confess
That sublunary science is but guess,
Matters of fact to man are only known,
And what seems more, is mere opinion ;
The standers-by see clearly this event,
All parties say they're sure, yet all dissent ;
With their new light our bold inspectors press
Like Cham, to shew their father's nakedness,
By whose example, after-ages may
Discover, we more naked are than they ;
All human wisdom to divine, is folly ;
This truth, the wisest man made melancholy ;
Hope, or belief, or guess, give some relief,
But to be sure we are deceiv'd, brings grief :
Who thinks his wife is virtuous, though not so,
Is pleas'd, and patient, till the truth he know.
Our God when heav'n and earth he did create,
Form'd man, who should of both participate ;

If our lives motions theirs must imitate,
Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate.
When, like a bridegroom from the east, the sun
Sets forth, he thither, whence he came, doth run ;
Into earth's spungy veins the ocean sinks,
Those rivers to replenish which he drinks ;
So learning which from reason's fountain springs,
Back to the source, some secret channel brings.
'Tis happy when our streams of knowledge flow
To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

*Ut metit Autumnus fruges quas parturit Æstas,
Sic Ortum Natura, dedit Deus his quoque Finem.*

P R E F A C E

To the DESTRUCTION of TROY, &c.

THERE are so few translations which deserve praise, that I scarce ever saw any which deserved pardon ; those who travel in that kind being for the most part so unhappy, as to rob others, without enriching themselves, pulling down the fame of good authors, without raising their own : Neither hath any author been more hardly dealt withal than this our master ; and the reason is evident, for, what is most excellent, is most inimitable ; and if even the worst authors are yet made worse by their translators, how impossible is it not to do great injury to the best ? and therefore I have not the vanity to think my copy equal to the original, nor (consequently) myself altogether guiltless of what I accuse others ; but if I can do Virgil less injury than others have done, it will be, in some degree, to do him right : And indeed, the hope of doing him more right, is the only scope of this essay, by opening a new way of translating this author, to those whom youth, leisure, and better fortune make fitter for such undertakings.

I conceive it is a vulgar error in translating poets, to affect being Fidus Interpres ; let that care be with them who deal in matters of fact, or matters of faith : But whosoever aims at it in poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so he shall never perform what he attempts ; for it is not his busines alone to translate language into language, but poesie into poesie ; and poesie is of so subtile a spirit, that in the pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate ; and if a new spirit be not added to the transfusion, there will remain

nothing but a *caput mortuum*, there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words; and whosoever offers a verbal translation, shall have the misfortune of that young traveller, who lost his own language abroad, and brought home no other instead of it: For the grace of the Latin will be lost by being turned into English words; and the grace of the English by being turned into the Latin phrase. And as speech is the apparel of our thoughts, so are there certain garbs and modes of speaking, which vary with the times; the fashion of our cloaths being not more subject to alteration, than that of our speech: And this I think Tacitus meant, by that which he calls *Sermouem temporis istius auribus accommodatum*; the delight of change being as due to the curiosity of the ear, as of the eye: And therefore, if Virgil must needs speak English, it were fit he should speak not only as a man of this nation, but as a man of this age; and if this disguise I have put upon him (I wish I could give it a better name) sit not naturally and easily on so grave a person, yet it may become him better than that fools-coat, wherein the French and Italians have of late presented him; at least, I hope it will not make him appear deformed, by making any part enormously bigger, or less than the life, (I having made it my principal care to follow him, as he made it his to follow nature, in all his proportions); neither have I any where offered such violence to his sense, as to make it seem mine, and not his. Where my expressions are not so full as his, either our language, or my art were defective, (but I rather suspect myself); but where mine are fuller than his, they are but the impressions which the often reading of him hath left upon my thoughts; so that, if they are not his own conceptions, they are at least the results of them; and if (being conscious of making him speak worse than he did almost in every line) I err in endeavouring sometimes to make him speak better, I hope it will be judged an error on the right hand, and such an one as may deserve pardon, if not imitation.

THE

DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

An Essay on the
SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

Written in the year 1636.

THE ARGUMENT.

The first Book speaks of Æneas's voyage by sea, and how, being cast by tempest upon the coast of Carthage, he was received by Queen Dido, who, after the feast, desires him to make the relation of the destruction of Troy; which is the Argument of this Book.

WHILE all with silence and attention wait,
Thus speaks Æneas from the bed of state;
Madam, when you command us to review
Our fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,
And all those sorrows to my sense restore,
Whereof none saw so much, none suffer'd more:
Not the most cruel of our conqu'ring foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes,
As not to lend a tear; then how can I
Repress the horror of my thoughts, which fly

The sad remembrance ? Now th' expiring night
And the declining stars to rest invite ;
Yet since 'tis your command, what you so well
Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell.
By fate repell'd, and with repulses tir'd,
The Greeks, so many lives and years expir'd,
A fabric like a moving mountain frame,
Pretending vows for their return ; this fame
Divulges, then within the beast's vast womb
The choice and flow'r of all their troops entomb ;
In view the isle of Tenedos, once high,
In fame and wealth, while Troy remain'd, doth lie,
(Now but an unsecure and open bay)
Thither by stealth the Greeks their fleet convey.
We gave them gone, and to Mycenae sail'd,
And Troy reviv'd, her mourning face unvail'd ;
All through th' unguarded gates with joy resort
To see the slighted camp, the vacant port ;
Here lay Ulysses, there Achilles, here
The battles join'd, the Grecian fleet rode there ;
But the vast pile th' amazed vulgar views,
Till they their reason in their wonder lose.
And first Thymoetes moves (urg'd by the pow'r
Of fate, or fraud) to place it in the tow'r ;
But Capys and the graver sort thought fit
The Greeks suspected present to commit
To seas or flames, at least to search and bore
The sides, and what that space contains t' explore.
Th' uncertain multitude with both engag'd,
Divided stands, till from the tow'r, enrag'd,
Laocoön ran, whom all the crowd attends,
Crying, what desp'rate frenzy's this, (oh friends)

To think them gone ? Judge rather their retreat
But a design, their gifts but a deceit ;
For our destruction 'twas contriv'd no doubt,
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force ; yet know ye not Ulysses' shifts ?
Their swords less danger carry than their gifts.
(This said) against the horse's side his spear
He throws, which trembles with inclosed fear,
Whilst from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans not his own ; and had no fate decreed
Our ruin, we had fill'd with Grecian blood
The place ; then Troy and Priam's throne had stood.
Meanwhile a fetter'd pris'ner to the king
With joyful shouts the Dardan shepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himself betray,
At once the taker, and at once the prey ;
Firmly prepar'd, of one event secur'd,
Or of his death or his design assur'd.
The Trojan youth about the captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
Now hear the Grecian fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the rest.
Disarm'd, disorder'd, casting round his eyes
On all the troops that guarded him, he cries,
What land, what sea, for me what fate attends ?
Caught by my foes, condemned by my friends,
Incensed Troy a wretched captive seeks
To sacrifice ; a fugitive, the Greeks.
To pity this complaint our former rage
Converts, we now enquire his parentage,
What of their counsels or affairs he knew :
Then fearless, he replies, great king, to you

All truth I shall relate : Nor first can I
Myself to be of Grecian birth deny ;
And though my outward state misfortune hath
Deprest thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
You may by chance have heard the famous name
Of Palamede, who from old Belus came,
Whom, but for voting peace, the Greeks pursue,
Accus'd unjustly, then unjustly flew,
Yet mourn'd his death. My father was his friend,
And me to his commands did recommend,
While laws and councils did his throne support,
I but a youth, yet some esteem and port
We then did bear, till by Ulysses' craft
(Things known I speak) he was of life bereft :
Since in dark sorrow I my days did spend,
Till now disdaining his unworthy end,
I could not silence my complaints, but vow'd
Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd
My wish'd return to Greece; from thence his hate,
From thence my crimes, and all my ills bear date :
Old guilt fresh malice gives ; the peoples ears
He fills with rumours, and their hearts with fears,
And then the prophet to his party drew.
But why do I these thankless truths pursue;
Or why defer your rage ? On me, for all
The Greeks, let your revenging fury fall.
Ulysses this, th' Atridae this desire
At any rate. We strait are set on fire
(Unpractis'd in such myst'ries) to enquire
The manner and the cause : Which thus he told,
With gestures humble, as his tale was bold.

Oft have the Greeks (the siege detesting) tyr'd
With tedious war, a stol'n retreat desir'd ;
And would to heav'n they'd gone : But still dismay'd
By feas or skies, unwillingly they staid.
Chiefly when this stupendous pile was rais'd,
Strange noisës fill'd the air ; we, all amaz'd,
Dispatch Eurypylus t' enquire our fates,
Who thus the sentence of the gods relates :
A virgin's slaughter did the storm appease,
When first tow'rds Troy the Grecians took the feas ;
Their safe retreat another Grecian's blood
Must purchase. All at this confounded stood :
Each thinks himself the man, the fear on all
Of what the mischief but on one can fall.
Then Calchas (by Ulysses first inspir'd)
Was urg'd to name whom th' angry gods requir'd ;
Yet was I warn'd (for many were as well
Inspir'd as he) and did my fate foretel.
Ten days the prophet in suspense remain'd,
Would no man's fate pronounce ; at last constrain'd
By Ithacus, he solemnly design'd
Me for the sacrifice ; the people join'd
In glad consent, and all their common fear
Determine in my fate ; the day drew near,
The sacred rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd
With holy wreaths ; then I confess I found
The means to my escape, my bonds I brake,
Fled from my guards, and in a muddy lake,
Among the sedges all the night lay hid,
Till they their sails had hoist (if so they did.)
And now alas no hope remains for me
My home, my father, and my sons to see,

Whom they, enrag'd, will kill for my offence,
And punish, for my guilt, their innocence.
Those gods who know the truths I now relate,
That faith which yet remains inviolate
By mortal men ; by these I beg, redress
My causeless wrongs, and pity such distress.
And now true pity in exchange he finds
For his false tears, his tongue his hands unbinds.
Then spake the king, be ours, whoe'er thou art ;
Forget the Greeks. But first the truth impart,
Why did they raise, or to what use intend
This pile ? to a warlike, or religious end ?
Skilful in fraud, (his native art), his hands
Tow'r'd heav'n he rais'd, deliver'd now from bands.
Ye pure aethereal flames, ye pow'rs ador'd
By mortal men, ye altars, and the sword
I scap'd ! ye sacred fillets that involv'd
My destin'd head ! grant I may stand absolv'd
From all their laws and rights, renounce all name
Of faith or love, their secret thoughts proclaim ;
Only, O Troy, preserve thy faith to me,
If what I shall relate preserveth thee.
From Pallas' favour, all our hopes, and all
Counsels and actions took original,
'Till Diomed (for such attempts made fit
By dire conjunction with Ulysses' wit)
Assails the sacred tow'r, the guards they slay,
Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey
The fatal image ; straight with our success
Our hopes fell back, whilst prodigies express
Her just disdain, her flaming eyes did throw
Flashes of lightning, from each part did flow

A briny sweat, thrice brandishing her spear,
Her statue from the ground itself did rear;
Then, that we should our sacrilege restore,
And reconvey their gods from Argos shore,
Calchas persuades, till then we urge in vain
The fate of Troy. To measure back the main
They all consent, but to return again,
When reinforc'd with aids of gods and men.
Thus Calchas; then instead of that, this pile
To Pallas was design'd; to reconcile
Th' offended pow'r, and expiate our guilt;
To this vast height and monstrous stature built,
Lest through your gates receiv'd, it might renew
Your vows to her, and her defence to you.
But if this sacred gift you disesteem,
Then cruel plagues (which heav'n divert on them)
Shall fall on Priam's state: But if the horse
Your walls ascend, assisted by your force,
A league 'gainst Greece all Asia shall contract;
Our sons then suff'ring what their fires would a&t.
Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
A feigned tear destroys us, against whom
Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
Nor ten years conflict, nor a thousand fail.
This seconded by a most sad portent,
Which credit to the first imposture lent;
Laocoön, Neptune's priest, upon the day
Devoted to that god, a bull did slay.
When two prodigious serpents were descry'd,
Whose circling strokes the sea's smooth face divide;
Above the deep they raise their scaly crests,
And stem the flood with their erected breasts,

Their winding tails advance and steer their course,
And 'gainst the shore the breaking billows force.
Now landing, from their brandish'd tongues there came
A dreadful hiss, and from their eyes a flame.
Amaz'd we fly; directly in a line
Laocoön they pursue, and first intwine
(Each preying upon one) his tender sons;
Then him, who armed to their rescue runs,
They seiz'd, and with entangling folds embrac'd,
His neck twice compassing, and twice his waste:
Their poi's'ous knots he strives to break and tear,
While slime and blood his sacred wreaths besmear;
Then loudly roars, as when th'enraged bull
From th' altar flies, and from his wounded skull
Shakes the huge ax; the conqu'ring serpents fly
To cruel Pallas' altar, and their lie
Under her feet, within her shield's extent.
We, in our fears, conclude this fate was sent
Justly on him, who struck the sacred oak
With his accursed lance. Then to invoke
The goddefs, and let in the fatal horse,
We all consent.

A spacious breach we make, and Troy's proud wall
Built by the gods, by our own hands doth fall;
Thus, all their help to their own ruin give,
Some draw with cords, and some the monster drive
With rolls and leavers: Thus our works it climbs,
Big with our fate; the youth with songs and rhimes,
Some dance, some hale the rope; at last let down,
It enters with a thund'ring noise the town.
Oh Troy, the seat of gods, in war renown'd!
Three times it stuck, as oft the clashing found

Of arms was heard, yet blinded by the pow'r
Of fate, we place it in the sacred tow'r.
Cassandra then foretels th' event, but she
Finds no belief (such was the gods decree.)
The altars with fresh flow'r's we crown, and waste
In feasts that day, which was (a'as!) our last.
Now by the revolution of the skies,
Night's sable shadows from the ocean rise,
Which heav'n and earth, and the Greek frauds involv'd,
The city in secure repose dissolv'd,
When from the admiral's high poop appears
A light, by which the Argive squadron steers
Their silent course to Ilium's well known shore,
When Sinon (fav'd by the gods partial pow'r)
Opens the horse, and through the unlock'd doors
To the free air the armed freight restores :
Ulysses, Sthenelus, Tisander slide
Down by a rope, Machaon was their guide;
Atrides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,
And Epeus, who the fraud's contriver was :
The gates they seize ; the guards with sleep and wine
Oppres'd, surprize, and then their forces join.
'Twas then, when the first sweets of sleep repair
Our bodies spent with toil, our minds with care ;
(The gods best gift) when, bath'd in tears and blood,
Before my face lamenting Hector stood,
His aspect such when, foil'd with bloody dust,
Dragg'd by the cords which thro' his feet were thrust
By his insulting foe. O how transform'd,
How much unlike that Hector, who return'd
Clad in Achilles' spoils ; when he, among
A thousand ships (like Jove) his lightning flung !

His horrid beard and knotted tresses stood
Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood :
Intranc'd I lay, then (weeping) said, the joy,
'The hope and stay of thy declining Troy !
What region held thee, whence, so much desir'd,
Art thou restor'd to us consum'd and tir'd
With toils and deaths ? but what sad cause confounds
Thy once fair looks, or why appear those wounds ?
Regardless of my words, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry,
Fly from the flame, O goddef-s-born, our walls
The Greeks posses, and Troy confounded falls
From all her glories ! if it might have stood
By any pow'r, by this right hand it shou'd.
What man could do, by me for Troy was done,
Take here her reliques and her gods, to run
With them thy fate, with them new walls expect,
Which, tost on feas, thou shalt at last erect :
Then brings old Vesta from her sacred quire,
Her holy wreaths, and her eternal fire.
Meanwhile the walls with doubtful cries resound
From far (for shady coverts did surround
My father's house) approaching still more near
The clash of arms, and voice of men we hear :
Rouz'd from my bed, I speedily ascend
The houses tops, and list'ning there attend.
As flames roll'd by the winds conspiring force,
O'er full-ear'd corn, or torrents raging course,
Bears down th' opposing oaks, the fields destroys,
And mocks the plowman's toil; th' unlook'd-for noise
From neighb'ring hills th' amazed shepherd hears :
Such my surprize, and such their rage appears.

First fell thy house, Ucalegon, then thine
Deiphobus ; Sigaean seas did shine
Bright with Troy's flames ; the trumpets dreadful sound
The louder groans of dying men confound.
Give me my arms, I cry'd, resolv'd to throw
Myself 'mong any that oppos'd the foe :
Rage, anger, and despair at once suggest,
That of all deaths, to die in arms was best.
The first I met was Pantheus, Phoebus' priest,
Who 'scaping with his gods and reliques fled,
And tow'rds the shore his little grandchild led ;
Pantheus! what hope remains ? what force ? what place
Made good ? but sighing, he replies, Alas !
Trojans we were, and mighty Ilium was ;
But the last period, and the fatal hour
Of Troy is come : Our glory and our pow'r
Incensed Jove transfers to Grecian hands ;
The foe within the burning town commands ;
And (like a smother'd fire) an unseen force
Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horse :
Insulting Sinon flings about the flame,
And thousands more than e'er from Argos came
Possess the gates, the pasles, and the streets,
And these the fword o'ertakes, and those it meets.
The guard nor fights nor flies ; their fate so near
At once suspends their courage and their fear.
Thus by the gods, and by Atrides' words
Inspir'd, I make my way through fire, through swords,
Where noises, tumults, out-cries and alarms
I heard ; first Iphitus renown'd for arms
We meet, who knew us, (for the moon did shine)
Then Ripheus, Hypanus, and Dymas join

Thelr force, and young Choroebus, Mygdon's son,
Who, by the love of fair Cassandra won,
Arriv'd but lately in her father's aid ;
Unhappy whom the threats could not dissuade
Of his prophetic spouse.
Whom when I saw, yet daring to maintain
The fight, I said, brave spirits ! (but in vain)
Are you resolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all extremes ? The state of our affairs
You see : The gods have left us, by whose aid
Our empire stood : Nor can the flame be staid :
Then let us fall amidst our foes ; this one
Relief the vanquish'd have, to hope for none.
Then re-inforc'd, as in a stormy night,
Wolves, urged by their raging appetite,
Forage for prey, which their neglected young
With greedy jaws expect ; ev'n so among
Foes, fire and swords, t' assur'd death we pass,
Darkness our guide, despair our leader was.
Who can relate that evening's woes and spoils,
Or can his tears proportion to our toils ?
The city, which so long had flourish'd, falls ;
Death triumphs o'er the houses, temples, walls.
Nor only on the Trojans fell this doom,
Their hearts at last the vanquish'd re-assume ;
And now the victors fail : On all sides fears,
Groans, and pale death in all her shapes appears :
Androgeus first with his whole troop was cast
Upon us, with civility misplac'd ;
Thus greeting us, you lose, by your delay,
Your share, both of the honour and the prey ;
Others the spoils of burning Troy convey

Back to those ships, which you but now forsake.
We making no return ; his sad mistake
Too late he finds : As when an unseen snake }
A traveller's unwary foot hath prest,
Who trembling starts, when the snake's azure crest
Swoln with his rising anger, he espies,
So from our view surpris'd Androgeus flies.
But here an easy victory we meet :
Fear binds their hands and ignorance their feet.
Whilst fortune our first enterprise did aid,
Encourag'd with success, Choroebus said,
O friends, we now by better fates are led,
And the fair path they lead us, let us tread.
First change your arms, and their distinctions bear ;
The same, in foes, deceit and virtue are.
Then of his arms Androgeus he divests,
His sword, his shield he takes, and plumed crests,
Then Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest, all glad
Of the occasion, in fresh spoils are clad.
Thus mixt with Greeks, as if their fortune still
Follow'd their swords, we fight, pursue, and kill.
Some re-ascend the horse, and he whose sides
Let forth the valiant, now the coward hides.
Some to their safer guard, their ships, retire ;
But vain's that hope, 'gainst which the gods conspire :
Behold the royal virgin, the divine
Casandra, from Minerva's fatal shrine
Dragg'd by the hair, casting tow'rs heav'n in vain,
Her eyes ; for cords her tender hands did strain ;
Chorœbus, at the spectacle enrag'd,
Flies in amidst the foes : We thus engag'd,
To second him, among the thickest ran ;
Here first our ruin from our friends began,

Who from the temple's battlements a shov'r
 Of darts and arrows on our heads did pour :
 They us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who knew
 Cassandra's rescue) us for Trojans flew.
 Then from all parts Ulysses, Ajax then,
 And then th' Attridae rally all their men :
 As winds, that meet from sev'ral coasts, contest,
 Their prisons being broke, the south and west,
 And Eurus on his winged coursers born,
 Triumphing in their speed, the woods are torn,
 And chaffing Nereus with his trident throws
 The billows from their bottom ; then all those
 Who in the dark our fury did escape,
 Returning, know our borrow'd arms, and shape,
 And diff'reng dialect : Then their number swell
 And grow upon us ; first Choroebus fell
 Before Minerva's altar ; next did bleed }
 Just Ripehus, whom no Trojan did exceed }
 In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
 Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
 Their friends ; nor thee, Pantheus, thy piety,
 Nor consecrated mitre, from the same
 Ill fate could save : My country's fun'ral flame
 And Troy's cold ashes I attest, and call
 To witness for myself, that in their fall
 No foes, no death, nor danger I declin'd,
 Did, and deserv'd no less my fate to find.
 Now Iphitus with me, and Pelias
 Slowly retire ; the one retarded was
 By feeble age, the other by a wound :
 To court the cry directs us, where we found
 The assault so hot, as if 'twere only there,

And all the rest secure from foes or fear :
The Greeks the gates approach'd, their targets cast
Over their heads, some scaling ladders plac'd
Against the walls, the rest the steps ascend,
And with their shields on their left arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold fast
The battlement ; on them the Trojans cast
Stones, rafters, pillars, beams : Such arms as these,
Now hopeless, for their last defence they seize.
The gilded roofs, the marks of ancient state,
They tumble down ; and now against the gate
Of th' inner court their growing force they bring :
Now was our last effort to save the king,
Relieve the fainting, and succeed the dead.
A private gallery 'twixt th' apartments led,
Not to the foe yet known, or not observ'd,
(The way for Hector's hapless wife reserv'd,
When to the aged king, her little son
She wou'd present) through this we pass, and run
Up to the highest battlement, from whence
The Trojans threw their darts without offence.
A tow'r so high, it seem'd to reach the sky,
Stood on the roof, from whence we could descry,
All Ilium---both the camps, the Grecian fleet ;
This, where the beams upon the columns meet,
We loosen, which like thunder from the cloud
Breaks on their heads as sudden and as loud.
But others still succeed : Meantime, nor stones
Nor any kind of weapons cease.
Before the gate in gilded armour shone
Young Pyrrhus, like a snake, his skin new grown,
Who, fed on pois'nous herbs, all winter lay

Under the ground, and now reviews the day,
Fresh in his new apparel, proud and young,
Rolls up his back, and brandishes his tongue,
And lifts his scaly breast against the sun ;
With him his father's squire, Automedon,
And Peripas who drove his winged steeds,
Enter the court, whom all the youth succeeds
Of Scyros' isle, who flaming firebrands flung
Up to the roof ; Pyrrhus himself among
The foremost with an ax an entrance hews,
Though beams of solid oak, then freely views
The chambers, galleries, and rooms of state,
Where Priam and the ancient monarchs fate.
At the first gate an armed guard appears ;
But th' inner court with horror, noise and tears,
Confus'dly fill'd, the womens shrieks and cries
The arched vaults re-echo to the skies ;
Sad matrons wandering through the spacious rooms
Embrace and kiss the post : Then Pyrrhus comes
Full of his father, neither men nor walls
His force sustain, the torn port-cullis falls,
Then from the hinge their strokes the gates divorce,
And where the way they cannot find, they force.
Not with such rage a swelling torrent flows
Above his banks, th' opposing dams o'erthrows,
Depopulates the fields, the cattle, sheep,
Shepherds and folds, the foaming surges sweep.
And now between two sad extremes I stood,
Here Pyrrhus and th' Atridac drunk with blood,
There th' hapless queen amongst an hundred dames,
And Priam quenching from his wounds those flames
Which his own hands had on the altar laid ;
Then they the secret cabinets invade,

Where stood the fifty nuptial beds, the hopes
Of that great race ; the golden post, whose tops
Old hostile spoils adorn'd, demolish'd lay,
Or to the foe, or to the fire a prey.

Now Priam's fate perhaps you may enquire :
Seeing his empire lost, his Troy on fire,
And his own palace by the Greeks possest,
Arms long disus'd, his trembling limbs invest :
Thus on his foes he throws himself alone,
Not for their fate, but to provoke his own.

There stood an altar open to the view
Of heav'n, near which an aged laurel grew,
Whose shady arms the household gods embrac'd ;
Before whose feet the queen herself had cast
With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
As doves whom an approaching tempest drives
And frights into one flock ; but having spy'd
Old Priam clad in youthful arms, she cry'd,
Alas my wretched husband, what pretence
To bear those arms, and in them what defence ?

Such aid such times require not, when again
If Hector were alive, he liv'd in vain ;
Or here we shall a sanctuary find,
Or as in life, we shall in death be join'd.

Then weeping, with kind force held and embrac'd,
And on the secret seat the king she plac'd.

Meanwhile Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Flying the rage of bloody Pyrrhus, runs
Through foes and swords, and ranges all the court
And empty galleries, amaz'd and hurt ;
Pyrrhus pursues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,
And his last blood in Priam's presence spills.

The king (though him so many deaths inclose)
Nor fear, nor grief, but indignation shows ;
The gods requite thee (if within the care
Of those above th' affairs of mortals are)
Whose fury on the son but lost had been,
Had not his parents eyes his murder seen :
Not that Achilles (whom thou feign'st to be
Thy father) so inhuman was to me ;
He blush'd, when I the rights of arms implor'd ;
To me my Hector, me to Troy restor'd.
This said, his feeble arm a javelin flung,
Which on the sounding shield, scarce entring, rung.
Then Pyrrhus ; Go a messenger to hell
Of my black deads, and to my father tell
The acts of his degen'rate race. So through
His son's warm blood, the trembling king he drew
To th' altar ; in his hair one hand he wreaths ;
His sword, the other in his bosom sheaths.
Thus fell the king, who yet surviv'd the state,
With such a signal and peculiar fate,
Under so vast a ruin, not a grave,
Nor in such flames a fun'r'al fire to have :
He whom such titles fwell'd, such pow'r made proud,
To whom the scepters of all Asia bow'd,
On the cold earth lies th' unregarded king,
A headless carcase, and a nameless thing.

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THE END.

